



Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1993

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



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Male Rape

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Australian PENTHOUSE

The International Men's Magazine/Vol 14 No. 2/ February 1993 Black Label Edition



Cover by: Bruce Coulter

regular features

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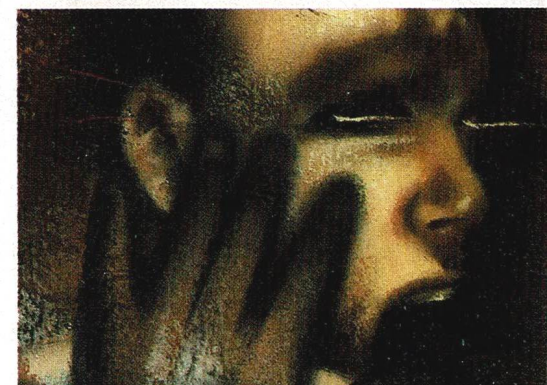
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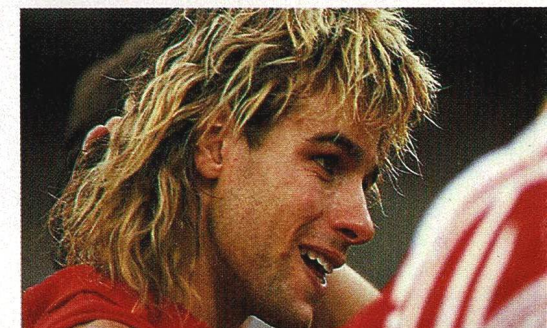
Male Rape



Tour of Duty



Nightlife



Marked Man

AS LONG AS THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO
CAN SPEAK WITHOUT WORDS...

There will always be a
CHIVAS REGAL.




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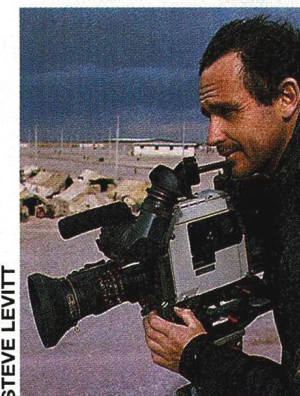
housecall

MALE RAPE

Penthouse Copy Editor, **David Smiedt** is a former South African journalist with an interest in male social issues. He has been previously published in this magazine with a story about mother/son incest and during a freelance career was published in *Cosmopolitan*, *Cleo* and *Sydneysider*. On page 34, Smiedt profiles the crime of men raping men and investigates social pressures that don't allow raped men to be victims. "The feminist movement was very important but left a vacuum for male victims." **Cameron Singleton** provided the illustration.



DAVID SMIEDT



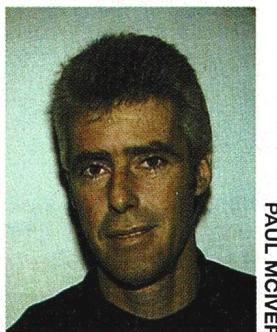
STEVE LEVITT

TOUR OF DUTY

In the first part of a trilogy, Australian photojournalist **Steve Levitt** exposes what lies behind the war zone stories. Levitt was a cameraman for channels Nine and Ten in Melbourne before going freelance. He started writing 12 years ago and has since had stories and pictures published in *Penthouse*, *Time*, *The Bulletin*, *New York Times*, *London Observer*, *London Daily Mail*, *West Australian* and *People*. He has been assigned by the exclusive Black Star agency in New York and has worked extensively in the Middle East, Asia and Africa. On page 66 he takes us to Iran with words and pictures.

SAIGON, SAIGON!

Freelance photographer **Paul McIver** makes his *Penthouse* debut this month. The globe-trotting picture man has spent the last few years compiling a day-in-the-life book on American police forces. He has sold photos to magazines such as *Newsweek*, *Good Weekend* and *Paris Match* on a variety of topics ranging from Laotian jungle refugees to the 1976 coup in Bangkok. He is a member of the Rocky Hall Bush Fire Brigade and is a veteran of the Ash Wednesday fires. See his pictures of nightlife in Saigon, with the story by **Mark Abernethy** on page 82.



PAUL MCIVER



PAUL WILSON

THE PORNOGRAPHY MYTH

On page 48 **Paul Wilson** combines his experience as journalist and expert in criminal justice, to debunk what he calls the "porn myth." Professor Wilson is Dean of Arts at Queensland University of Technology and has studied and worked at American colleges such as Rutgers, University of California Irvine and the Batelle Research Centre in Seattle. He has written and co-authored 23 titles on crime, criminal justice and forensic science, half of which have sold commercially. He is a former columnist for the *Herald-Sun* in Melbourne and has written articles for *Penthouse* on the topics of death in Manila, serial killers and the minds of murderers.

MARKED MAN

"The machinations of professional sport are alarmingly similar to the world of politics," says Sydney sports writer **Richard McKinnon**. He should know. The freelance journalist has combined a ten-year writing career with an involvement in political campaigns. Along the way he has covered Wimbledon, the US Tennis Open and the prize fights of Roberto Duran and Jeff Fenech. His writing credits include *Inside Sport*, *International Triathlon*, *Fist*, *Tennis*, *The Sydney Morning Herald* and the *Sunday Age*. On page 98 he profiles the swan dive of former AFL high-flier, Warwick Capper, with pictures by **Live Action**.

feedback

Under fire

Brett Steven's well-written article "Flash Point" in your March 1992 issue failed to mention that the NSW fire brigades retain volunteers who, although they receive a small monthly retainer, are not on a roster, do not have set shifts and work just as hard, suffering the same stresses and shocks that full-time fire fighters do. Now with rescue duties being turned over to the fire brigades, spare a thought for the brave men who unflinching serve our community on a purely voluntary basis. — Miss R. Brand, NSW

In the pink

I unashamedly subscribe to Black Label for its explicit pictorials or in layman's term, the pink bits. In the last few issues you have shown these tits and fluff spreads of real people like Fairlie Arrow and Joanne Capper. I have nothing against these women but if they won't show their pink bits, don't put 'em in Black Label. — Darren Slade, Cessnock, NSW

Home Grown

I am an ardent supporter of Black Label. I would like to say how much my girlfriend and I enjoy the magazine. The standard of the pictorials, especially the couples, is far superior to other magazines. However, I would like to suggest that many readers, including ourselves, would enjoy knowing whether the models are our very own Australian guys and girls or are they imports? Come on support our Australian photographers and models. After all, they're the best in the world. — Name and address withheld

Go figure

I am writing to query the figures quoted in the August 1992 edition in the "Beach Eats" article. The article states that over 500,000 Australians visit the USA every year. I feel this figure may be inflated as there are only about 16 million Australians in the entire country. This means that in an eight-year period every man, woman and child, theoretically will have visited America. I know of only two people out of the hundreds I am acquainted with who have visited the USA. — C. M. Taylor, Duncraig, WA



Lisa Brooks — simply breathtaking

Your calculations are incorrect. These figures suggest that at 500,000 per year the entire Australian population would have visited the States over a 32-year period, not an eight-year period. When one realises that this could include travelers from 1961 to the present, this proposal is not entirely unfeasible. — Ed

How does my garden grow?

Congratulations on your Black Label couples pictorial from the December edition. At last a pictorial with excretion, secretion and penetration. This was truly gripping matter. It was real warts and all stuff and it was much appreciated. Keep it up. — Name and address withheld

Easy Rider

I'd like to congratulate you on the "Party Animals" article in the December 1992 edition. As a biker, I've had to put up with all sorts of shit just because I've got a leather jacket on my back. Mark Abernethy showed that we are not just a bunch of psychotic violent arseholes with nothing better to do than drink, beat people up and commit crimes. At least we're honest and open about our fun and are not standing about in some yuppie bar somewhere, snorting cocaine and pretending to be richer than we are. With bikers what you see is what you get, love it or leave it. — Name and address withheld

Warwick misses the mark

I cannot believe that Warwick peroxide-me-blond-and-paint-my-boots-white Capper actually split up with the gorgeous woman featured in the November 1992 edition. Not only has Warwick messed up his football career but he also missed out on this incredibly sexy woman he had been messing around with since she was 14. Good on you Joanne for coming out. I think it was good for everyone concerned. — Name and address withheld

Money, money, money

I have been a faithful Penthouse reader for many years now and with the current Australian political climate I am convinced that neither Keating nor Hewson is the go. With the amount of good solid sense he makes and his no-bullshit approach, I reckon your finance writer David Quicksilver should be made Prime Minister. That would sort us out. — Name and address withheld

Thanks for the memories

Breathtaking. That's the only way to describe your November '92 Pet Of The Month, Lisa Brooks. By far, she is the most beautiful and alluring Pet you featured last year.

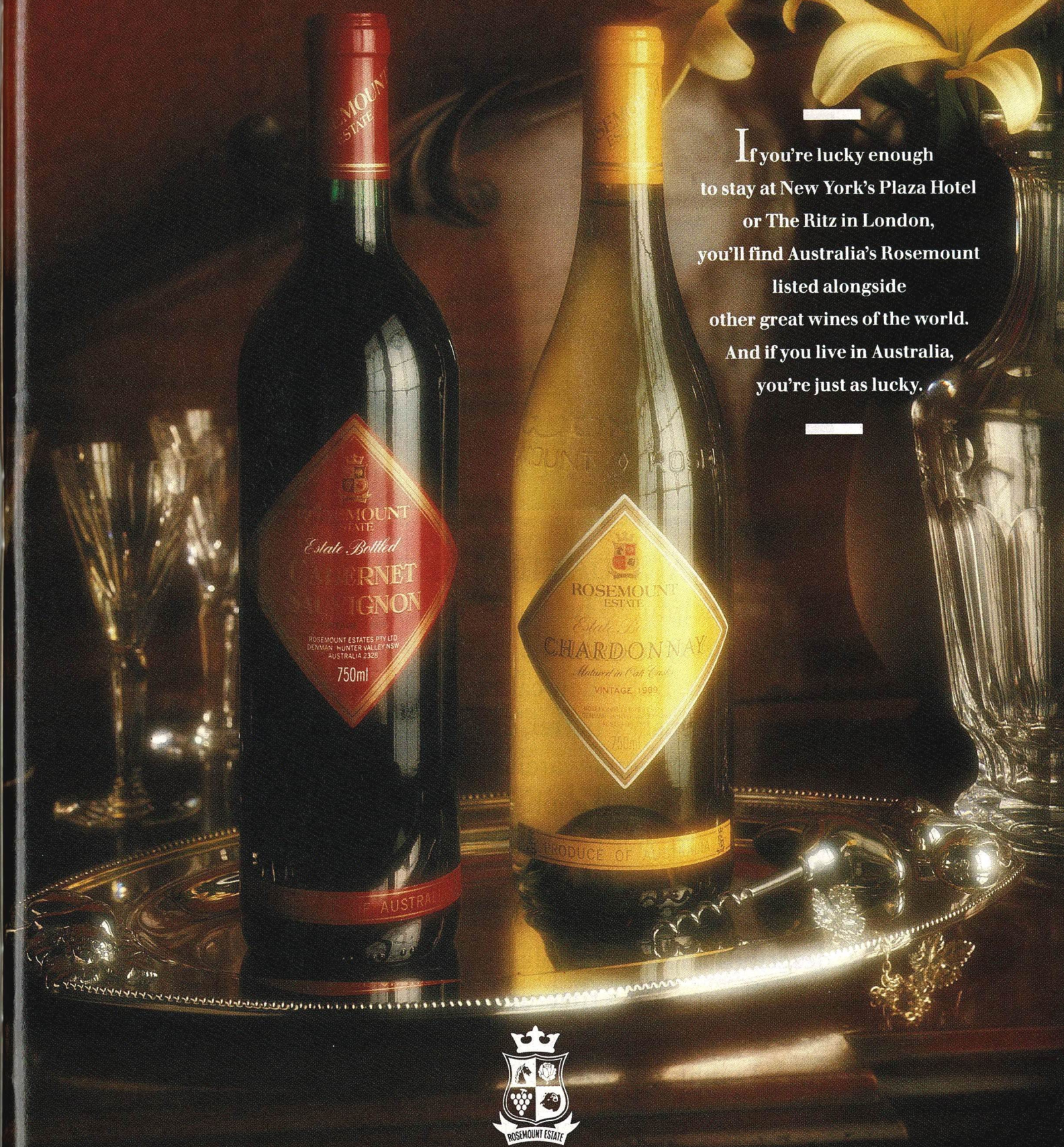
Her seductive, impish smile reminds me of my younger days after the war when I had a brief but impassioned affair with a woman who could've be her twin (her mother perhaps?). Anyway, thank you Penthouse for publishing such exquisite shots, and thank you Lisa for evoking a cherished memory. — Name and address withheld

Ouch!

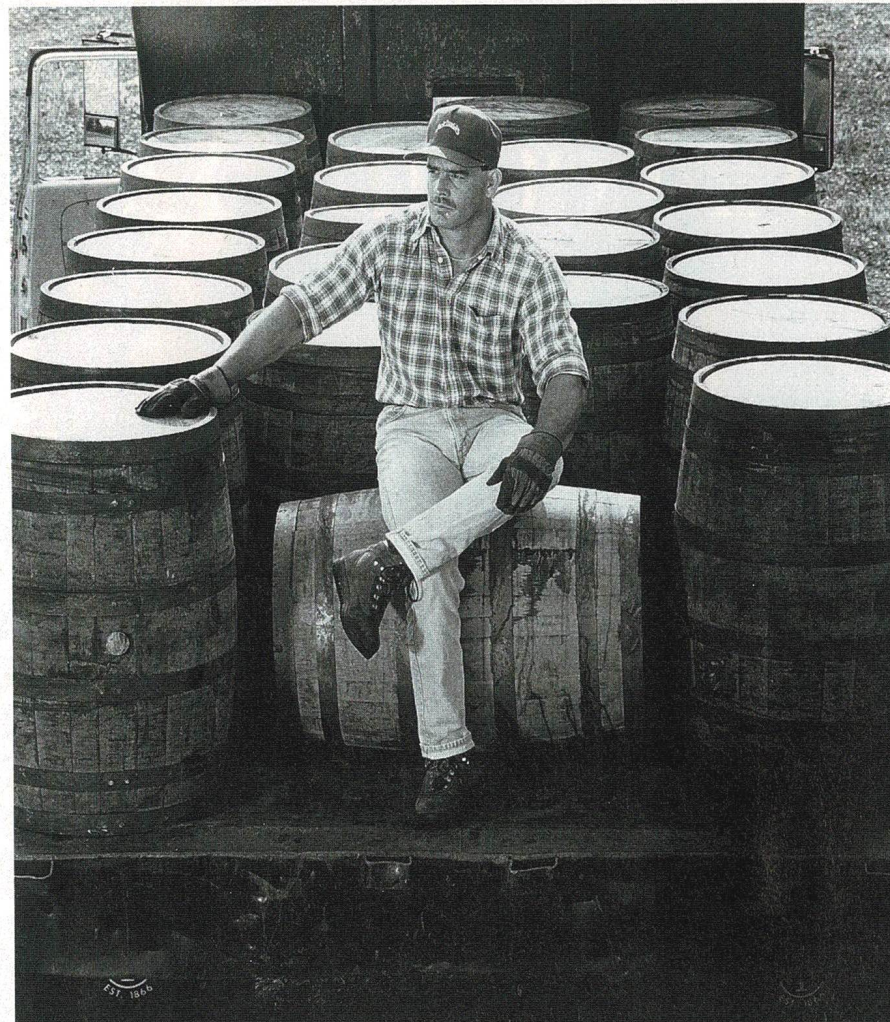
The couples pictorial entitled "Garden Growth" in the December Black Label issue simply went too far. For the sake of your national readership, the pictorial was erotic and exciting (as usual) up to the last page. Then the picture showed a girl's luscious mouth millimeters away from engulfing a guy's prick — but her fangs were fully exposed around his head as if she was about to bite it off. My God! talk about a soft-on. Enough of this please, it's making my eyes water just thinking about it. — J. Barry, Newcastle, NSW

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Jason Murray may not be straining himself at the moment. But when called upon to hoist an empty whiskey barrel, or to roll a filled one down a warehouse's length, he's up to the job. Jason likes to work hard. But he also enjoys restful moments.

Which come to think of it, describes a lot of the folks who like spending time with our smooth-sippin' Jack Daniel's whiskey.



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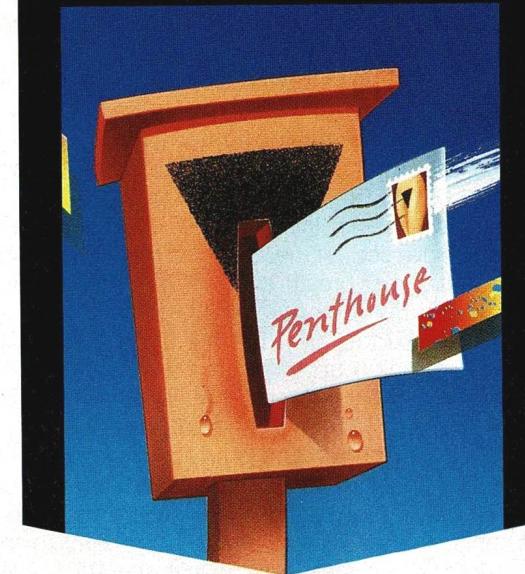
Angels

It was January two years ago and since I was still very much in the silly season mood, I decided to go to an Angels concert in the city. I arrived at the venue and, after a few drinks, the band was beginning to crank up the sound.

I moved closer to the action and was engulfed by a mass of people. At first I thought I was imagining it, but every so often these girls began taking turns bumping their bums into my crotch.

The girls were leaning against each other's shoulder, while chattering and giggling. Another song began and, after a suitable pause, so did the bumping. As time wore on they became bolder. They bumped me with a regularity that began to really stir me. I played games with them like pulling my crotch back just prior to the moment of impact. They would simply move back further to find it. I was unsure of what they were up to. The tall blonde one tilted her head back until she was sure that her fragrant hair was in my face, then she bumped her bum into me twice in quick succession. The smells, the sounds, the feeling of her silky hair falling backwards and forwards across my face and the warmth from her body went straight to my dick. I could feel it rise in strong, powerful pumps. The tall one leaned over to the brunette, said something to her and bumped softly into my raging cock. The short one had her turn, double-bumping me.

My cock was straining in my button-up Levi's. The blonde bumped me yet again. I leaned back and pushed my hips forward slightly. The girls were coming at me faster now. The bumps were getting stronger — there was just enough force that I had to brace against each contact slightly. My cock was pushing the button holes of my jeans apart. The song ended but this time we remained pressed together, the girls moving to their own sensuous rhythm. They began to grind against me. The blonde one seemed to want me all to herself and began to take extra bumps just as another song kicked in.



forum

Her movements were getting feverish and were gathering urgency. Suddenly the shorter one reached behind and just as she bumped me, squeezed my cock. One of her fingers had found a bit of bare flesh through the buttons and she rubbed it up and down.

The blonde bumped me again. Every now and again the blonde one would wave her hair in my face as her tight little bum jigged and quivered against me. Meanwhile the short one was getting bolder. She kept her hand on my cock even when the blonde was bumping me. The blonde one said something to her friend who quickly and deftly popped a couple of buttons of my fly. My cock stood straight out.

The brunette's caress was lingering. My bare cock slid over the curves of their arses and the hot cotton of their skirts. Blondie reached back and grasped my cock. She ran her long slender fingers over my shaft. Suddenly she pushed my cock down, lifted one leg slightly and slid my cock under her skirt and between her legs. Through her soaked panties, her pussy felt hot and meaty. A dampness rose from between her legs. She ran her panty-clad pussy backwards and forwards along my cock. The petite brunette had begun to feel a bit left out and was groping around for my cock. As people pushed all around us, the brunette ran

her long nails along the thick vein on the underside of my cock and felt around her friend's pussy. She found the elastic of Blondie's panties and just before Blondie began another backward slide she eased the panties aside and my cock slid along her warm, wet lips. Blondie's cunt was covered in ooze and her lips were thick. They almost wrapped completely around my cock without being inside her.

Blondie reached down and took hold of her pussy lips, stretching them fully around my cock and forcing my cock over the tight pea of her clitoris. The brunette took a handful of her friend's pussy and squeezed Blondie's pussy lips around my throbbing cock making the

sheath incredibly tight. Blondie was uttering short little sighs as she leaned back into me, her hips gliding backwards and forwards. My cock was straining and my breath was shortening. We were all getting worked up. It was getting difficult to keep any balance — mentally and physically. I reached down to feel the brunette's pussy. She too was hot and steamy. My cock began to swell, ready to come. The brunette sensed it first. She could feel my vein thickening. An odd twitch began in my cock, slowly building up in intensity. Blondie came first — jerking uncontrollably over my cock for several seconds before grabbing it and putting the head at the entrance of her cunt. As she came, she sat down on my cock. I could feel her cunt giving faint spasms as I slipped up into velvet heaven.

The brunette grabbed hold of my balls as I pushed into Blondie's pussy. Like the ad says, "Oh what a feeling!" I reached in front of the brunette, and ran my fingers over her very wet panties. She wrenched aside her knickers and I eased my fingers into her sticky pussy. Meanwhile Blondie bounced up and down on my cock. All this was happening as the Angels were belting out "Am I Ever Gunna See You Face Again?" I could just manage the standard reply of, "No way, get fucked, fuck off."

The brunette reached down and

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forum

removed my cock from Blondie, at the same time pulling me toward her. She put my cock between her legs, wrapped her fingers around my cock and began wanking me off with the Blondie's love-juices. Then she slid me straight into her. She was unbelievably tight. My twitch began to strengthen. She still had her hand massaging my balls. She sensed my imminent orgasm and began to bounce up and down on my cock. The she came. It felt like her cunt had just collapsed on me. She was moaning, catching her breath and rolling her hips around my rock-hard shaft. That was too much for me. I felt the first jet of come rocket up from the base of my cock and explode into her. She must have felt it too. Because she pulled my cock out of her and started to wank me off like a woman possessed. She tenderly squeezed my balls and unleashed a wild scream as the band wrapped up their song. There she was holding a squirting cock between her legs yelling to the music of her, and my, orgasm. I'm not sure where the spunk landed. I was so excited it could have hit the stage. I really couldn't care at that point.

I eased out of from between her legs and let her down. She just leaned against me and ran her fingers up and down my semi-hard, sticky shaft. Blondie leaned back against us. They were just murmuring between themselves. Soon afterwards, the concert ended and they simply left the room as if absolutely nothing had happened. Unbelievable.

— Name and address withheld

After party surprise

It all started as just a normal Saturday night. I was at home bored as ever so I decided to hit the local pub. When I arrived, I went straight to the bar to see if there was anyone there that I knew. Luckily I came across my sister who was just leaving to go to a nightclub with two of her friends.

I knew both of her friends quite well. They were both dressed to kill, but to me Susan looked far more attractive than Carol. I talked them into driving me back to my flat so that I could get into something more dressy. When we got back there, I quickly squeezed into my sexiest outfit. I knew that they were going out to pick up some guys, so I thought I might as well have a go myself. We went down to a nearby nightclub and it was soon obvious that there were a lot of horny guys around. After a few minutes, a group of four guys came over and began to talk to us. By the end of the evening we were all pretty mellow, and we decided to meet at my flat. I got on with Jeff the best and I

must admit he was very cute. But I was disappointed with the sex we had. I was not in the mood to have sex with him. I faked it and he seemed to be happy. At about one in the morning the guys were ready to go home. Carol and my sister, Judy, said that they had decided to hit the road as well.

Susan declared that she was not in the mood for enduring the long journey home and asked if she could stay the night. Being a polite host, I said that I would be delighted to have her stay.

Susan said that she wanted to have a shower before going to bed, so while she was in there I did a quick tidy up. It only took ten minutes to do the cleaning up and by that time Susan was nearly out of the shower. I decided to make us some coffee and headed for the kitchen.

Susan came out of the bathroom wearing only a towel. Once again I thought how attractive she was. Her long brown hair was swept over her shoulders and I could just see a love bite that Michael must have given her. I commented on the mark on her shoulder and we joked about it. She then said that it was not the only one he had given her. She moved her hand up to the top of her towel and pulled it down to show me her right breast which had a love bite on its nipple. I went bright red at the sight of her breast. Susan saw my embarrassment and covered herself back up. She then sat down and drank her coffee with a big smile on her face.

Suddenly, one of my cats jumped up onto the table and knocked Susan's mug to the ground. It smashed all over the floor and Susan bent over to pick up the pieces giving me a full view of her luscious breasts. All I wanted to do was suck on them. I was embarrassed by this thought and once again went bright red.

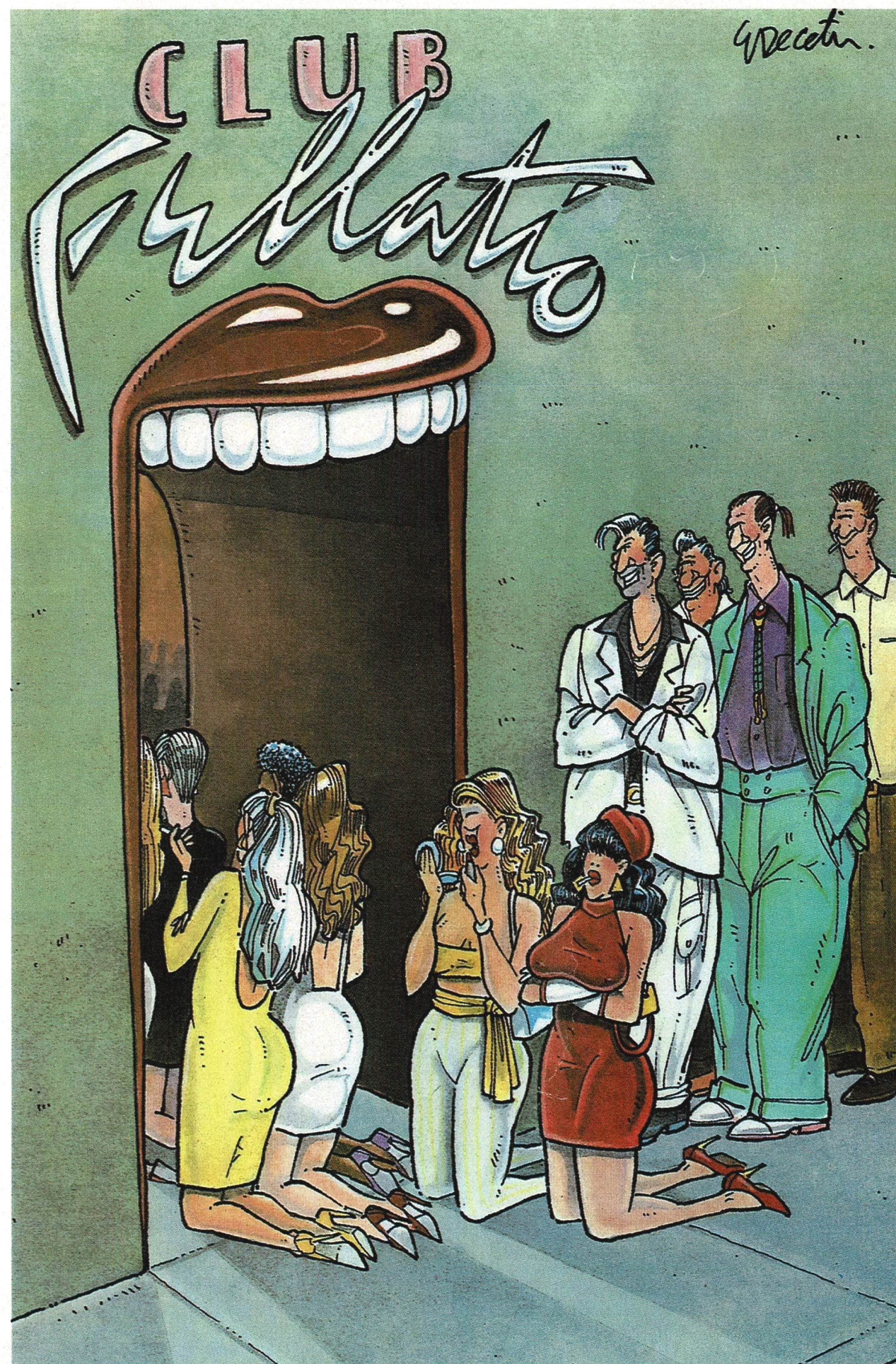
Susan looked up and realised why I was blushing. I could feel the love juices running into my knickers. I stood up, got the broom and shovel to pick up the tiny pieces and bent down to begin sweeping up the mess. What came next was the last thing that I was expecting but it was what I was wanting most.

Susan told me I had something on my face and she reached over to wipe it off. Her touch sent a shiver down my body and she saw me shake. She then leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

She took my hand and pulled me over to the sofa. I was really wet now and I could feel the juices running down my leg.

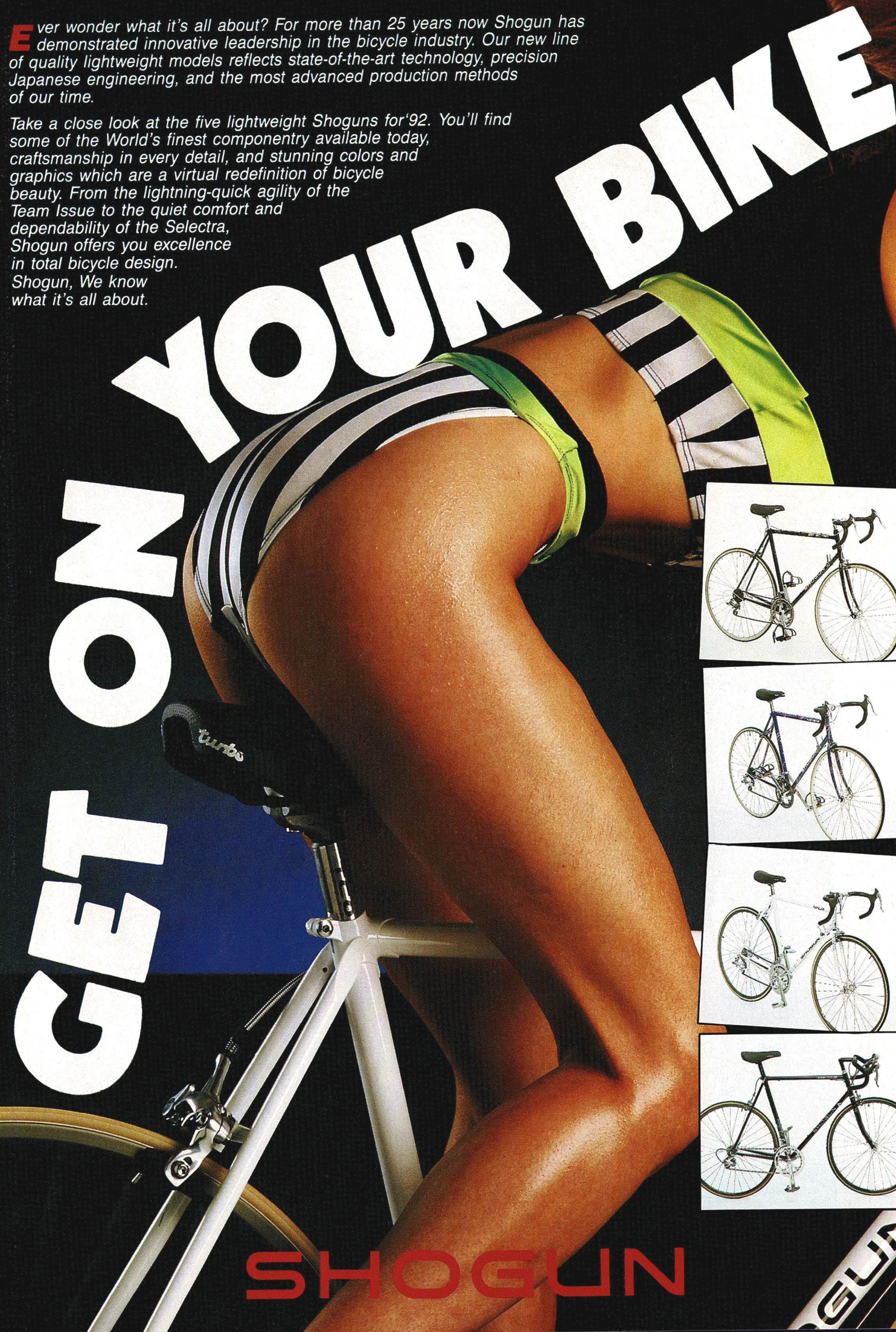
Susan sat me down on the couch and said, "I've been waiting for this all night." I smiled and our eyes met. I leaned over to kiss her and she

Continued on page 118



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M O D E R N M A N

FRONT

SOB STORIES

The Modern Man's guide to the ethics of crying

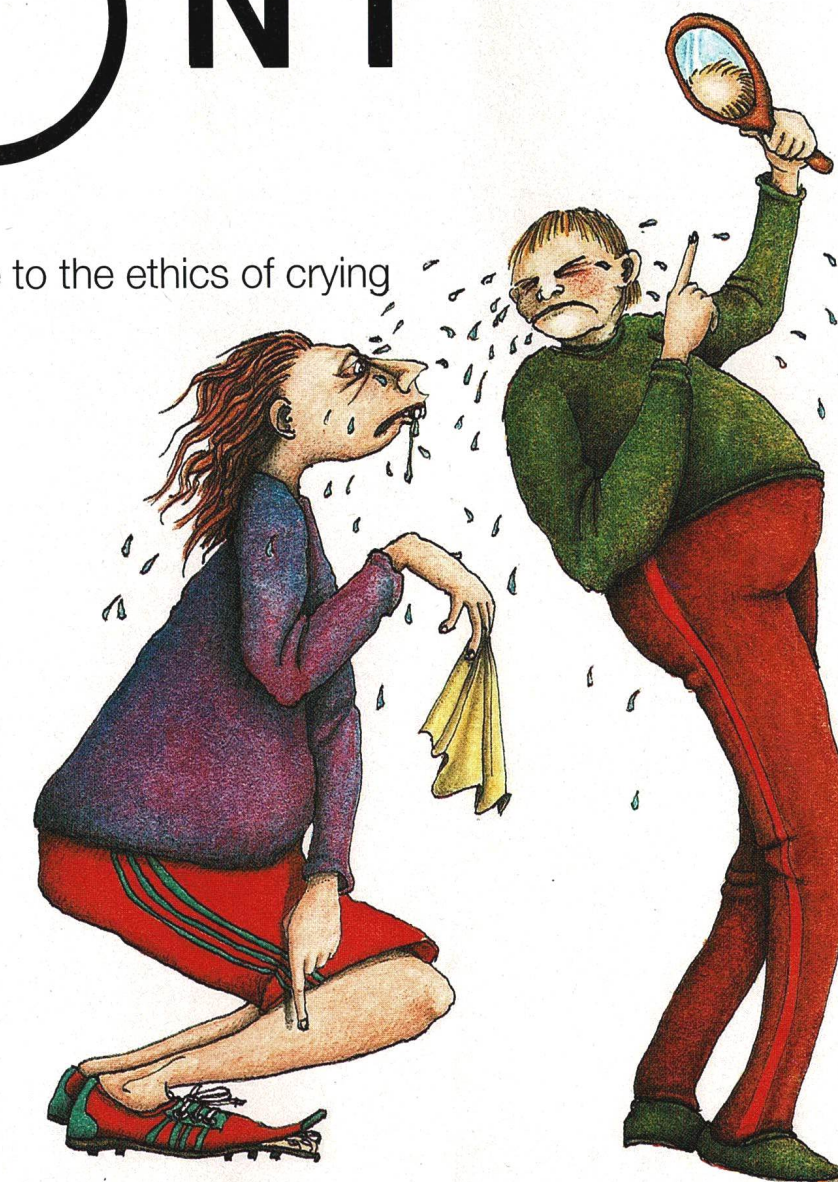
What's going on out there? Here at the Modern Man desk we've been getting missives from weebegone readers providing a telling insight into the current preoccupations of the modern woman.

Consider the insidious rise of the so-called Sensitive New Age Guy from empty buzzword to virtual reality. It's horrific to witness an otherwise clear-thinking and reasonable bloke adopting the trappings of a whinging woman. There's good reason for suspecting that this SNAG archetype is the invention of an international conspiracy of castrating hardcore feminists.

"What do you bastards want? To hear that it's carthartic to open up and bleed . . ."

Can it be a mere coincidence that this desk has of late been damn near swamped with a pathetic litany of queries from New Male wannabes begging for the good oil on how to most sensitively deport themselves in public? What's going on here? Why are we dealing with all these lost men who want to act like women? What's wrong with acting like a man? Being a bloke is a good deal; you get to urinate from a standing position, you don't bleed once a month, you don't have to worry about the size of your bosoms and you get to have sex

Illustration by Drahos Zak



with different women.

But there's lots of men who don't like being male. Their letters bear this out. Believe it or not, the most persistent and irksome of the feeble queries has been about women's stuff: "When is it appropriate for a bloke to cry?"

To illustrate the dilemma allow Modern Man to quote Brian of Noosa who writes:

*Dear Modern Man,
My wife's always on at me to express my feelings more. She says it's like living with an 'emotional ostrich' and that I'm neurotic for not crying at my grand dad's funeral. As I write I can hear her sobbing over Neighbours. Or is it Wheel of Fortune? When the Wallabies thrashed the Springboks, I did cry. And it felt good. But was she touched? No way. She called me a pathetic little creep. I give up.*

Brian's letter left us cold. Not because of his pandering desire to conform to such a chickenshit stereotype. But because the letter so accurately reflected these mad times and the burdens that the modern bloke is putting himself under. For years women have said: "Let it out. Little boys are conditioned against crying and revealing emotion, which is why men are all bastards ..." This is bad enough coming from the "experts" on males, who always seem to be female. It's bad enough coming from a person who is so in touch with her emotions that she reads Mills & Boon books and goes on faddy miracle diets that are advertised on TV by a woman who's as big as a house. That's all too rich. But now we have to hear men espousing this kind of encounter group dogma

SOB STORIES

and thinking that they'll be a better man if they could act more like a woman.

Ye Gods! What do you gutless bastards WANT? To be told that it's good to be in touch with your feminine side? To hear that it's cathartic to open up and bleed? Well, fuck that!

If Brian's missus can't appreciate the sheer shimmering beauty of Carozza darting over in the corner or Horan kicking through, chasing-tackling-and-passing to set up Campo for his 50th Test try, then she's the one who should be seeking the professional advice. If Brian's Trouble And Strife wants a cry-baby for a husband, then she shoulda married one rather than turn a perfectly normal Nineties bloke into a mumbling wreck.

What Brian can't or won't see, is the outrageous hypocrisy of someone who mists up over the sight of royal marriages going kaput, and then tells her man when it's correct to cry. If the Modern Man must act like a craven emotion junkie, then so be it, but it should be on his own terms.

There is such a thing as decorum and dignity, and on the whole, it is being flagrantly ignored by those who should be setting an example. What is being set, however, is a dangerous public precedent.

The hip contemporary guy would have noticed that crying, particularly with representatives of the media present, is in vogue. Politicians now attend Charismatic Weeping Workshops. Ex-NSW Minister of Police, Ted Pickering,

recently gave it a good go, but was nowhere near as classy as Bob Hawke who is a master of the mist-up. And as he blamed Satan for his liaison with a down-market hooker, American televangelist Jimmy Swaggart showed appalling anguish when he turned on the waterworks.

In the movies too, the stoney-faced war heroes of yore have given way to a fashionable breed of Sensitive New Age Killers who can reach out, empathise and then cry.

The Modern Man has never been up for invoking hoary clichés like "roll with the punches" or "take it like man." But given the alarming number of blokes who are clearly no longer able to think for themselves, we are obliged to provide a guide as to when boys should and shouldn't cry.

IT IS INAPPROPRIATE TO CRY:

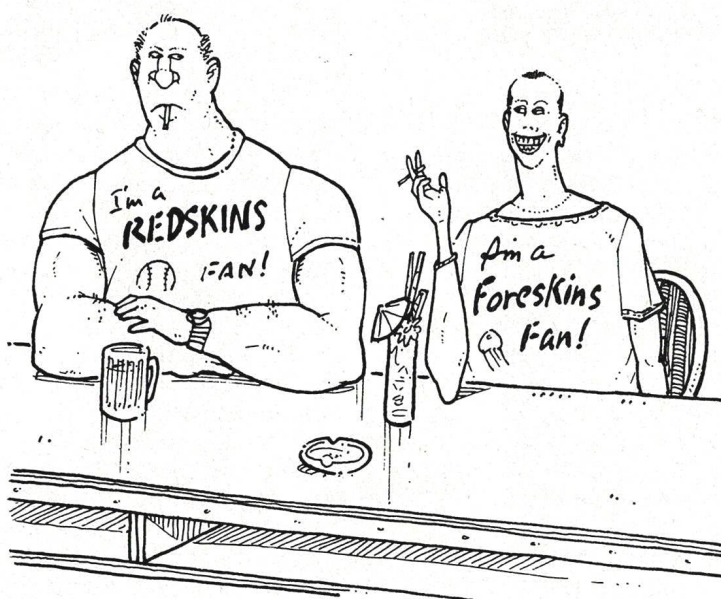
When you smear quiche over the sleeve on your cashmere sweater (it serves you right on both counts); At saccharine songs like Stevie Wright's dreaded "Evie"; When you back over your elderly neighbour's poodle (this should be passed off with lofty injunction to "get a real bloody dog why doncher?"); You discover a patch of cranial skin where you thought you had hair (less for the opposing forward to grab hold of in the scrum); When she dumps you (she'll only sneer).

IT IS APPROPRIATE TO CRY WHEN:

You're an international sporting idol hearing your national anthem or receiving a trophy; An international sporting idol dies; The party's run dry and the bottle shops are closed; You suddenly, in the presence of a strikingly gorgeous female, recall a repressed childhood trauma.

This may seem to contradict everything we've just said, but there are times when even the most shameless means are necessary to for the Modern Man achieve the desired end. But the easiest test is this: if it feels good, do it. If it doesn't then cry. — Paul Henries

Wecetin.



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Stylish full fairing and 4-into-1 exhaust

Kevin Bloody Wilson, 45, is a singer/songwriter from Kalgoorlie. The former smelter electrician and strip-show compere is married with two children and has five platinum records.

Where were you born and how does it effect who you are today?

I was born in Kalgoorlie, and I believe any kid who grows up in the bush is a little bit more worldly and possesses more "common dog fuck" than their city counterparts. City life seems too structured and confining.

What do you use for transport?

"Trusty Rusty", my EH ute is my preferred transport to and from town. I've been brought up to regard motor vehicles as a work tool, rather than a luxury item, so I only change cars when they shit 'emself.

What really pisses you off?

Lily-livered politicians and do-gooders who are so focussed on their particular cause, they wouldn't know whether their arseholes are bored-out, blown-out or chewed-out by rats.

What's your favourite saying?

"Fuck 'em!"

What was the last book you read?

Foreplay and How to Avoid it.

Who do you admire in your own field?

Peter Dee, Rodney Rude, Billy Connolly, Robin Williams and my role model, Sir Leslie Colin Patterson.

What musical recording would you give to your worst enemy?

Any of mine — or Kamahl's.

If they made you emperor tomorrow, what would you change?

I'd ban ugly sheilas from using public transport.

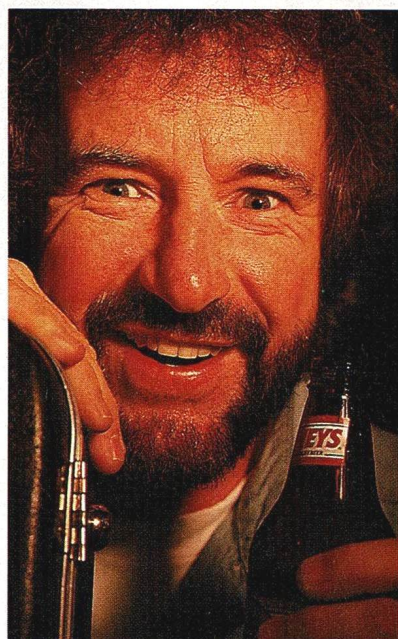
What's your favourite drink?

Providing it's chilled, I would drink beer out of an Afghan camel driver's jockstrap.

What makes you proud?

Australians. They are generally regarded as warm, honest and open, albeit very thirsty, individuals. What's wrong with that? I'd rather be a yobbo than a yuppie.

Who would you least like to sit



next to on a long plane journey?

Elle MacPherson ... I'd pull myself to pieces!

Are there any vices you want to adopt?

I have already acquired most of them ... I just want to get better at them!

What do you sing in the shower?

Preferably duets.

Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?

While both the London Palladium and Sydney Opera House are career pinnacles, it is just as important for me to perform at the North Bagingarra Scout Hall or the C-Grade Darts Wind-up and Presentation Night. I'm not ambitious or aggressively career-minded, but I enjoy holding the reins and being in charge of where I'm going.

Who would you most like to spend the evening with?

Henry Lawson, Hank Williams ... and a fridge full of coldies.

What movie character would you most like to be?

If the life story of Paul Keating was ever made into a film, I'd love to play the lead role ... you get to fuck everybody!

What is decadence?

Decadence is slippin' your tongue in when you're kissing your granny goodbye ... particularly if you hook

out her false teeth and hide 'em.

What is your worst vice?

It's no-one else's business what I do with frozen chooks!

What makes you want to throw a stubbie at the TV?

Arts and religious programmes.

How do you relax?

I've already told you ... it's no-one's business what I do with frozen chooks!

What's the sexiest thing in a woman?

My six-inch, single-bar, one-horse-power immersion heater.

What sport would you play as a professional if you had the chance?

Growing up in Kalgoorlie we used to have wanking competitions as young blokes. I was pretty good at that, so I guess I'd have to put my hand up for "tag-team shagging."

Do you regret anything?

Being born with only one cock ... so many women, so little time.

Have you any phobias?

Because I have been known to broadside poofters and faggots, I've been labelled "homophobic"; but they can go fuck 'emself.

How would you describe yourself?

A sensitive, caring, compassionate, New Age Guy ... who happens to like a drink.

What are you really slack about?

Attending Mass on Sundays. I haven't been since 1962.

What gets you down?

Nothing gets me down. Country town funerals can be more fun than capital city weddings!

Where do you want to be ten years from now?

Still in the saddle, still holdin' the reins.

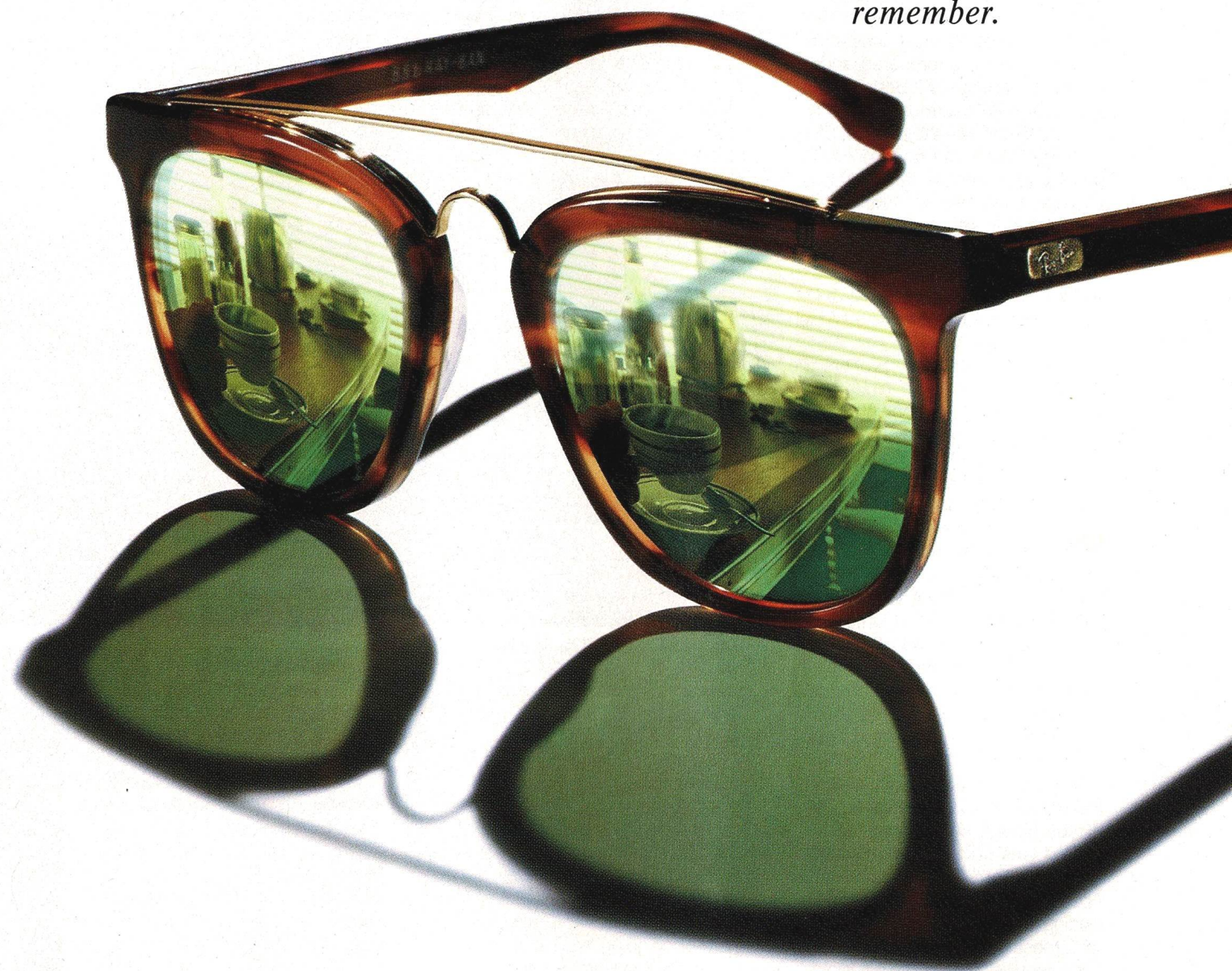
What makes you embarrassed?

I remember being caught masturbating in the lounge room by my mother. It was the day the West Coast Eagles defeated Geelong in the AFL Grand Final.

When do you lie to people?

Fair dinkum, I don't ... ever ... honest!

Open
blinds, half-
closed eyes
and a night
to try and
remember.



Style: Gatsby

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WILD LIFE

A survival course awakens basic instincts

Sean McBride of Touch The Wild Survival School crouches and positions a stick on the framework of the bush shelter. "In survival situations, most people die because they're unprepared and ignorant," he says. McBride stands up, surveys the surrounding tracks and continues his explanation: "Say your light plane has gone down in the Nullarbor and as the aircraft is engulfed by flame, you notice several things strewn throughout the cockpit: rifle and ammunition, a litre of water, cosmetic mirror, flashlight, compass, sectional air map of the area and a knife. Which would you take first?"

Someone confidently proffers the water as the first item. "Nope. In that heat the water wouldn't last the hour," says McBride.

"The map and compass," another member of our group of seven suggests. McBride nods and returns to positioning sticks over the shelter. "A map and compass might encourage people to try to walk out. And without water you'd die in hours." No-one volunteers another item. "Your priority item is the cosmetic mirror for signalling. Because you're in an area that is heavily trafficked by aircraft, your best chance of surviving is to get rescued quicker."

It makes perfect sense. Indeed the whole two-day survival course makes perfect sense. McBride himself was trained in the United States by Tom Brown, a part Apache who is one of the world's leading authorities on tracking and wilderness survival. McBride has been running his course for eight years. He says the aim of the course, conducted in the Blue Mountains in NSW, is to instruct people how to survive in a hostile environment while having fun.

Yet to call Touch The Wild purely a survival school is a misnomer. "Survival is more a consequence of understanding nature, realising that if you are in a challenging situation, you can live very comfortably if you have a few skills, don't panic and understand nature," says McBride.

To inspire this understanding,

McBride demonstrates skills that have little to do with survival, but a lot to do with awareness. One of the lessons is how to stalk a wild animal — a skill which takes years to perfect. The technique — known as "fox walking" — is used in Aboriginal and Apache cultures to move closer to an animal before attacking. In essence, the stalker walks toward the animal very slowly (covering about a metre a minute) while trying to make as

"Most westerners will die after a couple of days in the bush..."

little sound as possible. McBride says that in theory the method of moving changes the stalker's brainwaves to a deep meditative state. In practice, it is surprising how close you can get to a wild animal.

Another exercise designed to heighten understanding is a demonstration of camouflage and concealment. "The idea isn't gung-ho, it's to get people to literally touch the wild," McBride stresses. "Once people have seen what it's like to be a part of the bush instead of going against it, they understand survival a bit more." Assisted by Greg Ferguson, a corporal in the Commandos, McBride takes erstwhile office workers, chefs and doctors into the scrub and conceals them in shrubbery and camouflage clothing — then another group comes looking. After the incident, McBride smiles inwardly as he hears one secretary's account of being camouflaged. "I was amazed. This guy walked right over me," she says, "he actually stood on my leg and he still didn't see me."

But while some demonstrations

are designed to ease fear and ignorance of the bush, most are practical lessons on surviving. According to the survival tenet, the first priority in a survival situation is shelter, followed by water, then fire, then food. McBride explains: "You may have all the food and water you can consume, but two days out in the wind and rain and you'll be stone dead of hypothermia —



and that's not a pleasant way to go." This sombre point is duly noted and the seven people on the course begin building the rudimentary bush shelter.

After heavy rain the following evening, I returned to check the shelter we constructed from sticks and leaves. Inside it was stone dry.

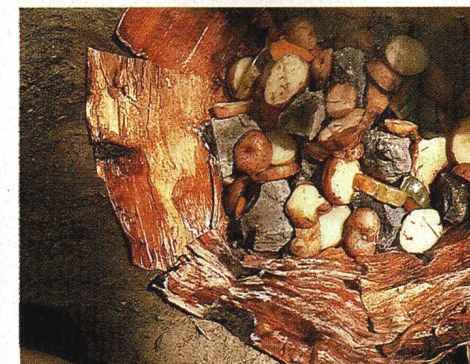
The way the course unfolds roughly adheres to the survival tenet. Accordingly, the process of locating and collecting water is demonstrated after the shelter is made. A group solar still is constructed, and individual methods of extracting water from the environment are demonstrated. I should explain that although the course teaches survival methods, the students are not expected to actually survive. Water, a rudimentary shelter and food is all supplied, and the object of the course is to inform while entertaining.

While food is supplied, the sourcing of natural food and bush



Photography by Todd Cole

cooking is demonstrated. Late in the evening, a hole is dug and wet bark along with food — in this case chicken and vegetables — and hot rocks are placed in the pit. The hole is covered and left for several hours. While this cooks, we are taken on a gastronomic tour



of the surrounding bushland.

Every hundred metres McBride stops, points to a different plant, breaks a bit off, gnaws on it and passes it around for the students to try. He says things like, "this is Geebung, a good source of vitamins and minerals," or he digs into a termite mound and says, "these little fellas are full of carbohydrates." By the end of the walk, when you've sampled everything from berries to wickety grubs, you get the impression that you are walking through a living supermarket.

"That's what people fail to understand," says McBride, "the Aboriginals lived off the land for 20,000 years plus. Yet most westerners will die after a couple of days in the bush."

And die they do. McBride tells grisly stories of bushwalkers being found dead metres from the highway; or of the British colony in the Northern Territory last century who all died waiting for their resupply ship full of pork pies and sausages when surrounded by natural food. "It's like dying of starvation in Woolworths," he says.

During the evening, snares and traps are made and set, only to trigger if an animal passes by, not to actually catch one.

Then after an evening of gazing towards the millions of stars and a rather informal lesson in navigation, it's time to hunker down.

By the beginning of the next day, your body starts to take on that bush grime, and it feels good. The Aramis has given way to the smell of 36 hours of caked sweat and smoke. Make-up has all but gone and people's hair has become matted. Our group squats beside the fire and picks at their food with their charcoal-crusted fingers. And strangely enough, everyone seems happy and relaxed. When McBride demonstrates how to start a fire with sticks the group approaches the task with an enthusiasm and an *esprit de corps* not normally seen in city life.

Although the information garnered on the \$150 course is valuable, by far the most interesting aspect is the feeling evoked from becoming a part of the bush. It is the feeling that comes from comfortably enduring what is normally a hostile environment. It's obvious that some faint echo of our hunter-gatherer days resonates in even the most demure secretary or learned academic. Even if you've never been out of the city, there is something strangely familiar about parring life down to the basics of shelter, water, food and fire. Something called the survival instinct. — Todd Cole

DOLE FOOL

When the State pays, why bother yourself?

Jesus, am I getting old or have I always thought like this? Whatever, I know that what I'm saying will tend to be supported by the kinds of people I don't like and will be an anathema to the kinds of people I usually find myself going another round with, my shout.

The dole, I mean. I'm beginning to doubt whether it's not undermining the fabric of society while mending a few holes.

I always calculated that one pays tax for a couple of years, then you get it back via the dole for a couple of months. But a year or two on the dole and you're starting to get more than your fair share.

But it's not the fairness — or otherwise — that bugs me. It's the resignation, the utter dependence and the lack of initiative the dole encourages.

Take Mr P, a long-term unemployed person made

also, the dole mentality is well understood. All his friends are on it and the people in the dole office know there's no work out there. So, despite all the training courses and Newstarts and other political gesturing, they don't hassle their customers — they just pay up.

Which makes it all rather pleasant. The climate's good, there's no great social stigma and, if you can live on just \$130 a week, you'd be happy too.

Now Mr P, in his clearer moments, is not averse to considering re-entry to the workforce. His latest chance was as an ecological-historical tour-guide. He knew the sites and the other bloke knew the business. But then the other bloke did his dough in real estate and the tour company went to pay the bills. No job for Mr P.

Why not do it all yourself, old mate? Rap your mum for a few months lease of a minibus, go see

ice-caps? Look, just drive 'em round safely and don't take any risks. And if, by some awful chance in a million you have an accident and are sued for a million dollars, well, you either go bankrupt or you piss off.

"No. The insurance is the killer." End of conversation. But it's not the insurance that's the killer, it's

"If you can live on just \$130, you'd be happy too..."

because there's no real need for him to try something.

Because there's that dole cheque in the mail every fortnight; the balm of assurance that he won't ever starve or, if he budgets correctly, ever have to go to bed sober any night of the week.

But Mr P is obviously not a businessman, never was and never will be.

Even smaller tests are emasculated by the dole. Every dollar over, what is it, 40 or 50 bucks a week, he earns from his own skills or sweat of brow means a dollar less dole. And they ask, "What good is a casual job if I lose my dole entitlements?" Exactly.

So why follow land-clearers collecting firewood to sell in the suburbs? Why sell fresh fish from the coast up at the mountains?

Hey, why not? It seems the idleness becomes habit. So do the excuses. I haven't got the tools, I haven't got a car, I've got the kids that day, I don't have the money for the petrol, arr bugger it. Why bother?

Already, that's my generation. Will the next, the kids just out of school and one in three on the dole, be the same? The Arr Bugger It generation. — *David Quicksilver*

redundant by way of this bullshit adoration and preference for the "educated." His qualifications — a trade school — have been outmoded by those of younger, less experienced, university graduates. So Mr P's chances of getting a job in his chosen profession are negligible to nil. But,

the travel agents in Brisbane, print a few brochures and be prepared to starve for a couple of years. "It's the insurance," he said. "The passengers'd have to be insured. That's the killer."

Ah, how do I put this. Fuck the insurance. What are you going to do? Take 'em on tours of the polar

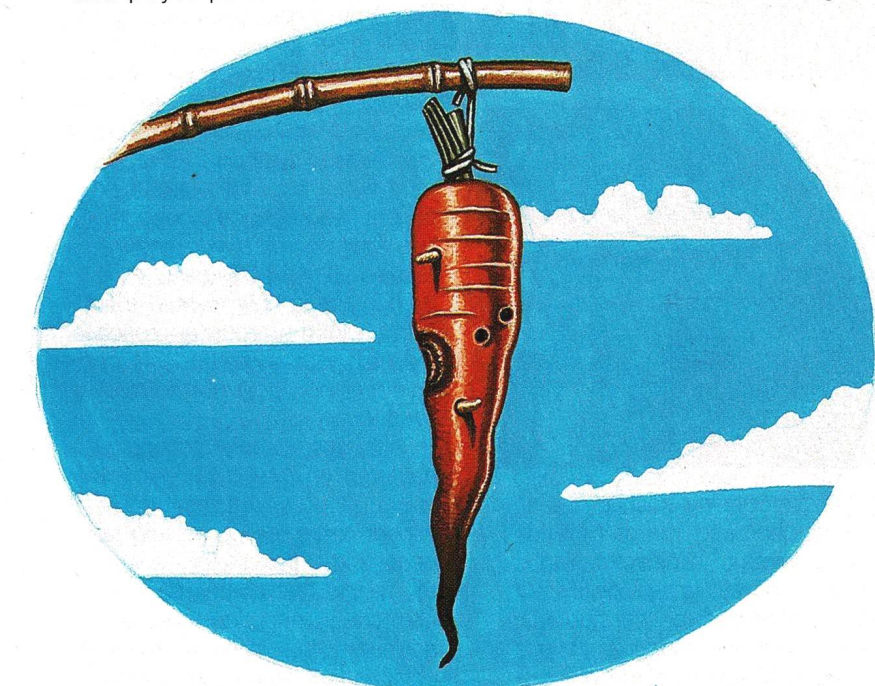


Illustration by Paul Newman

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KGPEN0023

MOTORING MUSCLE

Old warhorses Holden and Ford are still doing battle

An alarm bell rang in the mind of John Crennan at last year's Melbourne Motor Show as he stood among the crowd checking out the dazzling blue Falcon GT concept car on the Ford Motor Company stand. The radically styled vehicle that Crennan was eyeing was a prototype of what would soon become a hot, new number created to mark the 25th anniversary model of the original Falcon muscle car of 1967. Welcome back, the Falcon GT, 1992 version. Ford and its new special vehicles associate, Tickford Vehicle Engineering, intended to have the reborn V8 Falcon GT in the showrooms by October. Crennan, the boss of Holden Special Vehicles, rushed back to his headquarters in Notting Hill, Melbourne, to set in motion the plan for his company to beat Ford to the punch with its own 1992 version of a 1960s period piece.

His people had just six months to produce a 1990s sports sedan to be known as the GTS, after the bellowing track-burner that won at Bathurst in 1969, the Holden GTS Monaro. "By telegraphing their plans for the GT, the Ford people gave me a six-month start," says Crennan. Within hours of sighting the reborn GT, he had quickly pulled together his design and engineering teams and briefed them on idea that HSV too would revive a classic name if not a classic motor car. The scene was setting for a rekindling of the legendary V8 battles of two decades ago.

In truth, there is very little in either the Falcon GT or the HSV GTS that remotely reminds us of the tyre-burning old Falcon GT or Monaro GTS of back then. HSV (and Tickford) have brought back the memories rather than the machines, and that's no criticism. As brutal and wonderfully exciting as they were in their own era, they have not handled the journey into 1993 well. Simply re-using the badges on modern and sophisticated cars with equal dollops of performance and luxury

was a recognition that the car buyer of the 1990s expects more than pure, unadulterated brawn. HSV customers have made known their preferences. The most powerful reasons for buying HSV products are exterior styling, performance and engine size, and handling.

The renaissance GTS, based on Holden's Commodore, but extensively enhanced in all areas by HSV, boasts 200kW from its worked-over five-litre V8.

Independent rear suspension, anti-locking brakes, and electronic fuel injection were certainly not part of the rather primitive if effective engineering package on the original GTS. And nor did the GTS of the

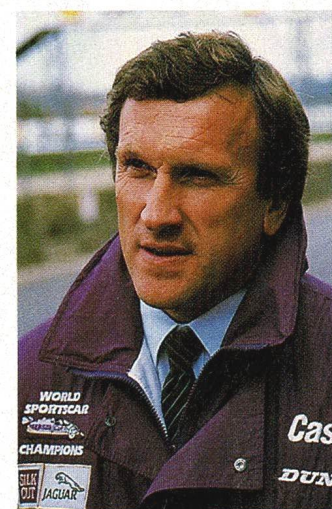
"The scene was set for a rekindling of the legendary V8 battles."

late 1960s have automatic climate control, power windows, central locking, cruise control, trip computer and vehicle security features which are now standard fare at the top end of the HSV range.

Carrying a retail tag of \$53,750, the limited-run of just 150 units was swiftly snapped up by the 74 dealers in Australia and New Zealand. Crennan is hoping that subject to component availability, HSV may be in a position to give the GTS another burst mid-year. If not, HSV will have some other bag of tricks to dangle in front of the executive rev heads that make up much of Crennan's clientele. The wonder is that it was just five years ago, on March 1 1988, that the first car built by the newly created Holden Special Vehicles was ready for market. It was the VL Group A Commodore, a car of gutsy performance but one that

carried an unfortunate legacy; it looked like something out of a Batman spoof. It sold (or rather didn't sell) accordingly. One day it may become a collector's car, in the way that the Ford Edsel and Chevrolet Corvair are now sought after. Things got better, and quickly.

Remember how Holden Special Vehicles came into being? Peter Brock, race



Photos courtesy Wheels Magazine



superstar and figurehead of Holden's Special Vehicles operation, had polarised himself out of favour at Fishermen's Bend. HSV was created to take Brock's place, and there were a few people betting that the new business would come a cropper.



Clockwise: The HSV GTS, specially modified into a high-performance flashy street-beast. HSV's John Crennan displays the unique Holden-based road-machine. HSV's first production, the 1987 VL Group A Commodore. HSV owner Tom Walkinshaw.



For starters it was owned by an outsider, Scot Tom Walkinshaw, with Holden taking a 26-percent holding.

Secondly, HSV was attempting to replace an icon. Corporately, Brock had run out of support, but out among the T-shirts and jeans, the race ace was still king. In an astonishingly short time, though, HSV managed to forge an identity and image of its own, moving upmarket into the corporate sector and away from the hot shop niche where Brock had positioned his special vehicles business.

It managed this territorial shift without alienating those enthusiasts who'd bought Brockmobiles. Now, older and occasionally richer, these folk are trading up to HSV models such as the \$40,000 Clubsport and \$46,000 Senator. Maybe even the \$58,000 Senator 5000i or the \$62,000 Statesman 5000i. The aforementioned quartet of fast cars, along with the \$35,000 Maloo ute,

comprise the five mainstream models cruising out of the HSV factory. And every so often, there will be a limited edition model such as the GTS. HSV last year turned over nearly \$20 million and moved 1800 cars, an improvement of 500 units on 1991.

It is one of the rare success stories of the recession, not only surviving but flourishing at a time when the motor industry is generally on its uppers.

In the five years of its existence, HSV sold 9000 of its vehicles; there are now more than three times more HSV cars than Brock-enhanced cars on Australian roads.

"Australians are beginning to use it with the same ring as BMW," says Crennan. Slowly but surely Australian vehicles are beginning to take on the more prestigious European car makers.

Continued on page 128

HARLEY POWER

When you buy a Harley you buy more than a motorbike

If you were to take a random group of Australian citizens and ask them to list their most desirable car, you'd probably get responses along the lines of Ferrari, Porsche or Lamborghini. Ask the same group about the motorcycle they'd most like to own and the response would surely be Harley-Davidson.

The Europeans are renowned for building the most exotic and stylish sports machines, the Japanese have an unbeatable range of choice and technical wizardry, yet none can compare to the American "Iron Horse" in popularity stakes.

Riding a Harley is like making a public statement. Everywhere you go people will stop and look. When it comes to gaining respect on the roads, Harleys rule. They are cult bikes for sure, but the most intriguing part of the Harley story is that these machines can portray extremely varied personal statements.

For example, the only machine an outlaw biker will consider truly acceptable is a Harley, just as a successful lawyer or broker will consider one as being the logical choice of recreational transportation.

Since the introduction of the Evolution engine series in 1985, the appeal of Harleys has increased dramatically. These machines retain the raw guts and heritage of earlier Harley engines but they are smoother, more powerful and have an enviable reputation for reliability and long life. The Harley's status, relaxed nature and classic style is infectious — Wayne Gardner has one which he uses regularly.

Where Harley-Davidson leads the motorcycle world is in the marketing and promotion department. And in the past five years in particular, the Harley marketing strategy has paid-off in a very big way.

Aside from this, there is also virtually no new motor vehicle selling for under \$100,000 which can be remotely compared to a Harley when it comes to resale value.

This point alone goes a long way towards explaining why, during a recession, the demand for new Harley-Davidsons continues to outstrip supply, even though 16 of the 20 models available are priced above \$16,000 on the road.

A top-of-the-range FLHTC Ultra tourer, which comes fitted with expansive coach work, stereo, intercom and everything else would have set you back \$20,500 on the road in 1991. In immaculate condition it would return about 19,500 to \$20,000 today.

A 1989 model FSXT in good condition will currently return its original on-road price of \$14,711. A 1991 model "Fat Boy" (the most popular model on the Aussie market), which originally sold for \$17,126 on the road, currently sells second-hand for a neat \$17,000

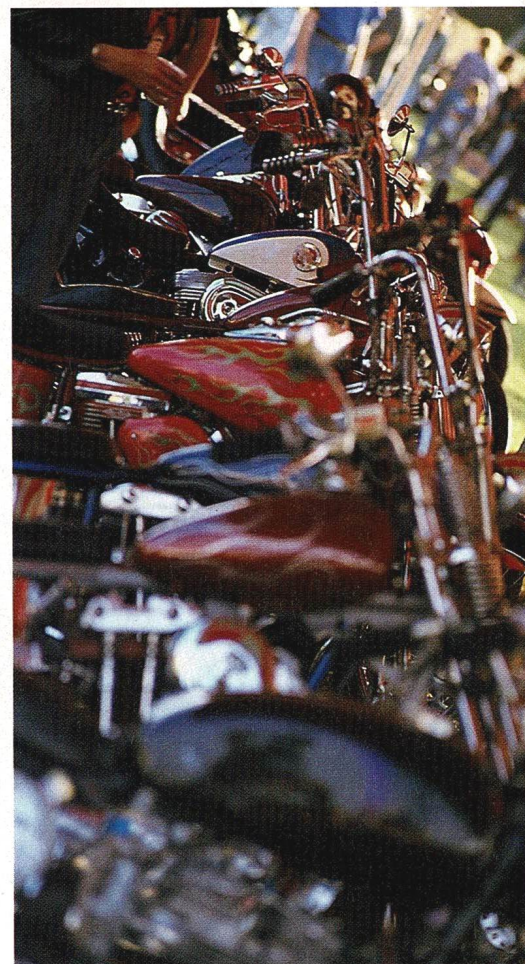
"Riding a Harley is like making a public statement . . ."

plus rego and transfer fees.

Obviously if you can afford the outlay and look after your investment, the financial risk of ownership is negligible.

The secret to Harley-Davidson's on going re-sale value hinges on their attitude to quality control. The machines are unique and world-wide demand is very strong. So obviously if they were to step-up production, they would sell more machines.

However, such a move would threaten the company's ability to maintain its very high quality-control standards. It would also decrease the value of second-hand machines. Increasing production would therefore benefit Harley only



in the short term; whereas the present production quota system ensures on-going demand for both new and used machines.

So what do you get for your money? "When you buy a Harley, you are not just buying a

Photography by Bat Malone



motorcycle, you're buying a way of life," commented Sales Manager Mark Wacker. One only has to glance around his showroom, or peruse one of the brochures to see what he means. Here the Harley-

Davidson market splits into two different sectors — the motorcycles and the accessory lines.

Many people can't afford to buy themselves a Harley, but most can afford to get into some Harley accessories. (Everything is available from Harley leather jackets to colouring-in books.)

While it's easy to come up with information and statistics which highlight the popularity of the legendary Milwaukee V-twin motorcycles, the message doesn't really sink in until you reach the highways and boulevards of the real world. To sample life in the righteous lane, we borrowed a second-hand 1340cc (80 cubic inch in real man's language) Electra-glide Sport from Morgan and Wacker.

Our machine had just completed a Harley Owners Group run from Brisbane to Darwin and back. It had 40,000km on the clock, but it sounded and rode as good as new. The only change from standard was the addition of Kerker mufflers which released a signature exhaust note while

allowing the engine to breathe freely.

First impressions are obviously associated with the size of the machine. The 1340cc Harleys look big because they are big. The engine redefines the term 'grunt' as it demonstrates surprising acceleration from ten to 120kph. Meaty power is available from 2500rpm and once free of city limits, the Harley is happiest loping along at around 3000rpm in fifth gear which sees 130kph on the dial.

But while its attributes in these areas are very good, the real pleasure comes from the reaction of other people to Harley-Davidsons.

Riding a Harley in city traffic is the closest you'll ever get to playing Moses in the Red Sea as the tin-tops virtually part before you.

Park the Harley anywhere and it is like inviting everyone over for a chat. Basically, if you have any leanings towards shyness, riding a Harley-Davidson is a sure-fire cure. — Mark Reed



Photography's equivalent of the Morgan roadster, the Leica M6 35mm rangefinder camera is now available with titanium body panels and genuine leather inserts (none of your vinyl rubbish). Although it's a rangefinder, the M6 offers interchangeable lenses and is accompanied by a 35mm f1.4 lens in the same titanium finish. The camera is completely manual, but does incorporate a spot meter to assist with exposure. It's frighteningly expensive (\$6000 plus), but if you're really keen, Adeal Pty Ltd will take your money.



Amstrad has employed the KISS principle (keep it simple, stupid) to design the UF22 video deck and avoid the 747 cockpit look. Larger colour-coded buttons and more straightforward operating procedures make the UF22 easier to fly even for the worst technophobe. The remote control has just a handful of keys, so complex procedures such as programming are greatly simplified. Importantly though, this simplicity hasn't been achieved by axing features and even the price — \$499 — is user-friendly.



Do it one-handed with Panasonic's NV-S8 Palmcorder video camera. Despite its small size and weight, the S8 has a long list of movie-making features including an 8X zoom, colour viewfinder and stereo-sound recording. A digital zoom provides an eye-popping 36X magnification while an image stabiliser helps cure the resulting shakes. Furthermore, the VHS-C format Panasonic can operate in light levels as low as three lux (translation: pretty dark). It's yours for \$2799 from Panasonic Australia.



Although it's pretty smart looking on the outside, the Kenwood DP-7040 compact disc player's real attractions lie under the skin. Dual one-bit signal processors, eight times oversampling filter, centre-mounted disc tray and shock resistant chassis all combine to make beautiful music. The Kenwood also has an 80 disc file memory for storing favourite track sequences, full remote control and random play function. The price tag is \$799 from Kenwood Electronics Australia.

The 8mm video format has made another convert as Akai launches its first Hi8 format camcorder in the (unusual) shape of the PV-MS08. High-band recording combined with a high-resolution image sensor and Akai's I-HQ 'tape tuning' ensure sharp and crisp images which are accompanied by stereo sound tracks. At the Akai's business end is an 8X, variable-speed zoom while the recording features include built-in tilting, time lapse function, long-play mode and close-up focusing. More details are available from Akai Australia.



If Philips has its way, the next revolution in sound gear will be the digital compact cassette (aka DCC). As the title suggests, this is a format for recording digitally, but the really clever part is that existing cassettes can still be played on the new machines. Like a computer disk, DCC cassettes are fully sealed (so they're ideal for in-car use) and the casing is flat so cover graphics can be stuck straight on. Philips' first DCC deck is the DCC-900 which delivers CD-quality recordings and a host of convenience features associated with the new format such as direct track access.



What's 17cm long, black and fits in your pocket? Sharp's new cellular phone, of course, which at 276 grams, won't upset the cut of a hand-tailored jacket either. The diminutive Sharpphone has a 50-number memory, illuminated display, speed-dial function and call-restriction facility. The standard battery is good for 45 minutes talking time and 11 hours on standby. Recharging takes 30 minutes and can be accomplished via a car's cigarette lighter.

US AND THEM

Gabriel spreads his wings

While watching snails crawl over his face and hands in the clip of "Digging In The Dirt", **Peter Gabriel** quipped, "We're trying to promote it as a new rejuvenating skin technique but so far we're not doing much business." Still, they were only a minor discomfort compared with the major upheaval of a failed relationship which provided the wellspring for *US* (Real World/Virgin).

This latest outpouring of songs comes six years after his last effort *SO* (Charisma). In the interim Gabriel has been busy establishing his Real World Records to record and promote mainly traditional artists from around the globe. He has trodden the world stage for Amnesty International and has been instrumental in the establishment of the WOMAD festivals which brought the golden voice of African singer Youssou N'Dor to our shores last year.

He has also been fruitfully engaged in group therapy after the breakdown of his marriage with actress Rosanna Arquette.

The central focus for the record is relationships. Gabriel calls this often melancholic confessional his first real

record of love songs.

He kicks off all brave and triumphant with the pleading invocation to communicate. The imagery of how "the earthly power sucks shadowed milk from sleepy tears undone, from nipped skin as smooth as silk the bugles blown as one" may be beyond even the Gothic phrase books of heavy metallurgists, but the husky intensity of his delivery is direct with its simple message to "unblock this misery ... come on, come talk to me." He tells tales of universal power games, "don't you know this tongue can kill" but "let him sit beside you and eat right off your plate ... kiss that frog and you will get your prince." His analysis of separation has brought out admissions like "from the deepest place I grieve — this time I believe ... because I need to be loved" and "stay with me I need support."

The rich percussive landscape is brooded over by clouds of evocative keyboards and shows fertile influence from his soundtrack to the controversial movie *Last Temptation Of Christ*. Tracks from his early solo years, especially "Biko", showed him



Left: Peter Gabriel does some serious soul-searching on his latest album, *US*. Below: Rolf Harris, Leonard Teale and others do their version of the classic on *Stairways To Heaven*.

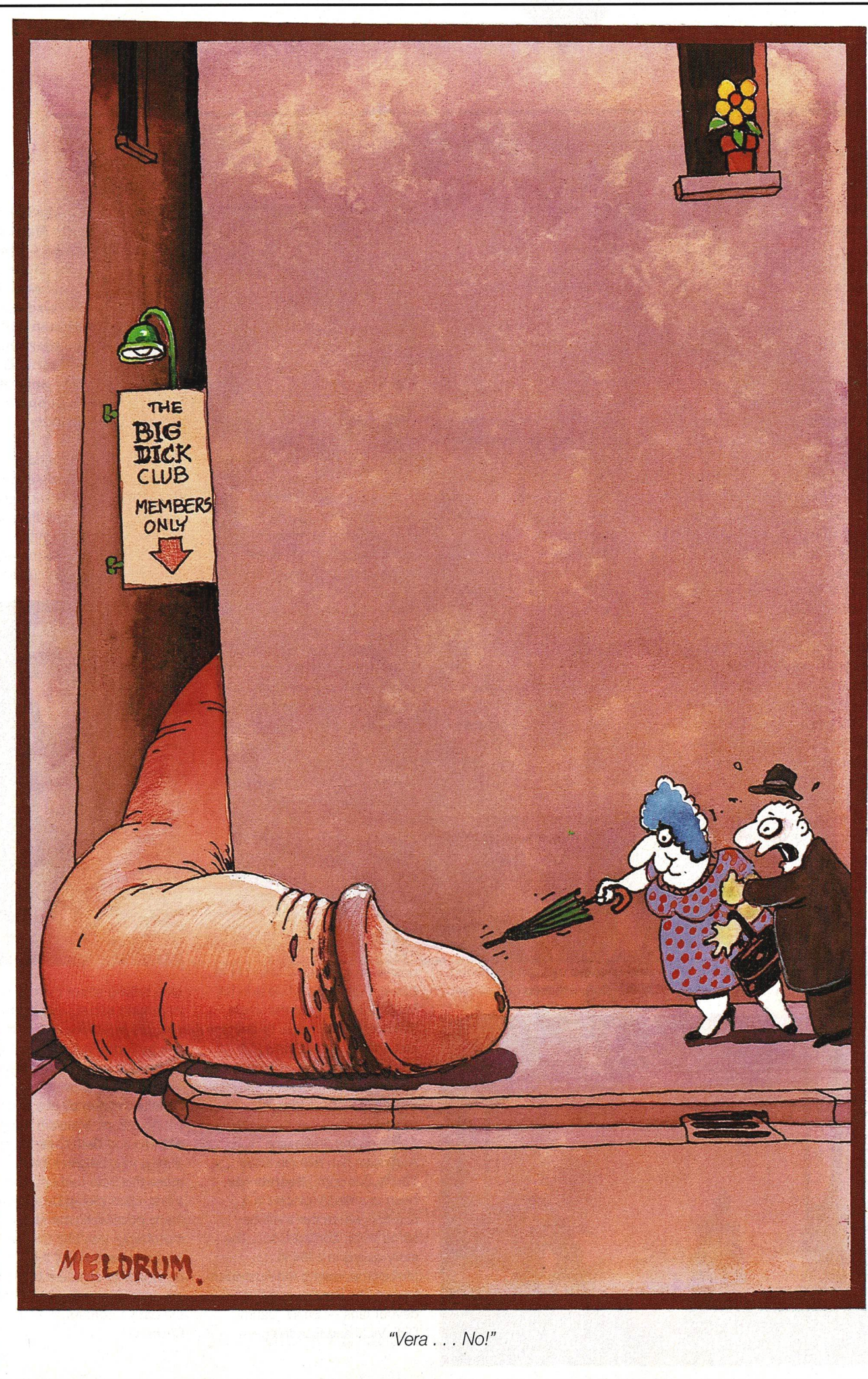
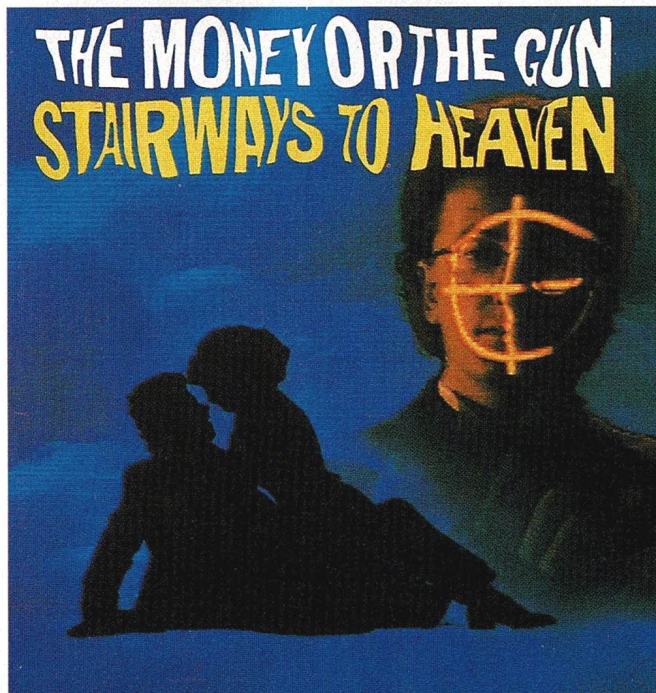
exploring beyond the grooves of standard rock arrangements, but this release bristles with a tribal intensity and the mainly instrumental "Fourteen Black Paintings" has a particularly cinematic mood.

By exposing the chinks in his emotional armour, he offers no litany of soporific self-pity, but a sense of personal triumph. He also feels the juices rise and the need to let off "Steam" — a worthy successor to the funky riffing of his earlier "Sledgehammer."

A young **Robert Plant** was trying to describe some sort of spiritual perfection in his lyrics to "Stairway To Heaven" on *Led Zeppelin IV*. As they sat improvising lyrics at their exclusive country recording getaway, he and guitarist Jimmy Page may have had an inkling that they were on to something, but they could not have foreseen how the song would become etched into popular music folklore by countless air guitarists; nor could they have anticipated its treatment at the hands of Andrew Denton and cohorts on his TV show "The Money Or

The Gun." On *Stairways To Heaven* (ABC/Phonogram) a wide variety of Australia's finest have had their way with this classic in 22 different flavours including swing (Pardon Me Boys), squeaky clean disco (John Paul Young), big girly pop (The Whipper Snappers) and historical hilarity (The Beatnix). Despite all these young upstarts, the crowning glories probably come from two veritable Oz institutions. Namely, Rolf Harris (with the inevitable wobble board in tow) and Leonard Teale who gives the song's jumbled imagery the weight of a "Desiderata: Part Two."

If your only experience of the great outdoors in recent memory is popping out to the back lane at work for a fag, then it is for your redemption that environmental recordist **Les Gilbert** has again *Gone Bush* (Natural Symphonies). Three 24-hour sojourns into Victoria's Barmah Forest, NSW's Disaster Bay and Queensland's Wearyan River have been condensed into 24 minutes apiece. — *Jeremy Cook*



"Vera ... No!"

STAKING A CLAIM

Coppola bites into the classic vampire tale

From Bela Lugosi's cultured *Count Dracula* (1931) to Christopher Lee's *Horror Of Dracula* (1958) cinemagoers and directors have been both fascinated and repelled by the charismatic mystery of the vampire. All have tried it but director Francis Ford Coppola has unveiled Bram Stoker's original *Dracula*, claiming none have actually done it until now. With a stellar cast including Winona Ryder as Dracula's helpless victim Mina, Anthony Hopkins as his nemesis Van Helsing, Keanu Reeves as Jonathan Harker and Gary Oldman as the fanged one himself, Bram Stoker's *Dracula* is sure to be remembered as a modern classic.

The film, which tells of Count Dracula's obsession with young Mina Harker (Ryder), the reincarnation of his lost wife Elizabeth and the ensuing hunt by Van Helsing to kill the Count, is stylishly presented with an absence of special effects. Shot on a budget of \$30 million, Coppola has claimed he deliberately avoided special effects to give the film a classic feel — something he has definitely achieved. One of the film's two departures from Bram Stoker's original work is a scene added to showcase the film's only special effect: the transformation of Dracula from man to bat, the work of makeup

designer Greg Cannom. The other departure is the opening sequence set in the 15th century featuring Oldman as warlord Vlad Dracula, the beginning of a superbly scripted evolution from a warrior defending Christendom to a broken man who renounces God and is sold into a demonic existence.

Keanu Reeves is excellent, if a trifle odd-looking, as young Jonathan Harker. But co-stars Cary Elwes and Bill Campbell seem lost in the wings as colleagues Arthur Holmwood and Quincy Morris. Gary Oldman clearly dominates the film as the villainous blood-sucking Count, portrayed here as a desperate man seeking love and redemption. A chilling masterpiece. ****

Eleven years have passed since gunslinger William Munny hung up his guns, almost as long as it's been since Clint Eastwood played in his most celebrated genre — the western.

Eastwood is a formidable presence in his 36th feature film and tenth western to date playing the gunslinger. But age has definitely wearied him, if only slightly.

Unforgiven, written by David Webb Peoples and produced and directed by Clint Eastwood, is the story a retired outlaw who



dons his gunbelt one last time.

What we are talking about here is a western of the grandest order. Munny (Eastwood) is lured out of his quiet solitude when rookie bounty hunter, the Schofield Kid (Jaimz Woolvett), and old friend, Ned Logan (Morgan Freeman), arrive asking him to join them.

The story goes something like this: roughnecks cut up a prostitute in a small town called Big Whiskey. Very original, that. Whiskey's sheriff, Bill Daggett (Gene Hackman), only fined the cowboys for killing the working girl. Her outraged colleagues at the local bordello pool their earnings to hire Munny and gang to hunt them thar ruffnecks down. If it sounds like a stock western, it is. But while the storyline might not be the most original for its genre, most fans will tell you there is nothing more captivating than an unshaven Eastwood toting both barrels. Clint Eastwood is in his usual fine form, but the whole film comes very close to being just another Clint Eastwood western. Fans of the genre will love it and for the rest it's definitely worth a look. **

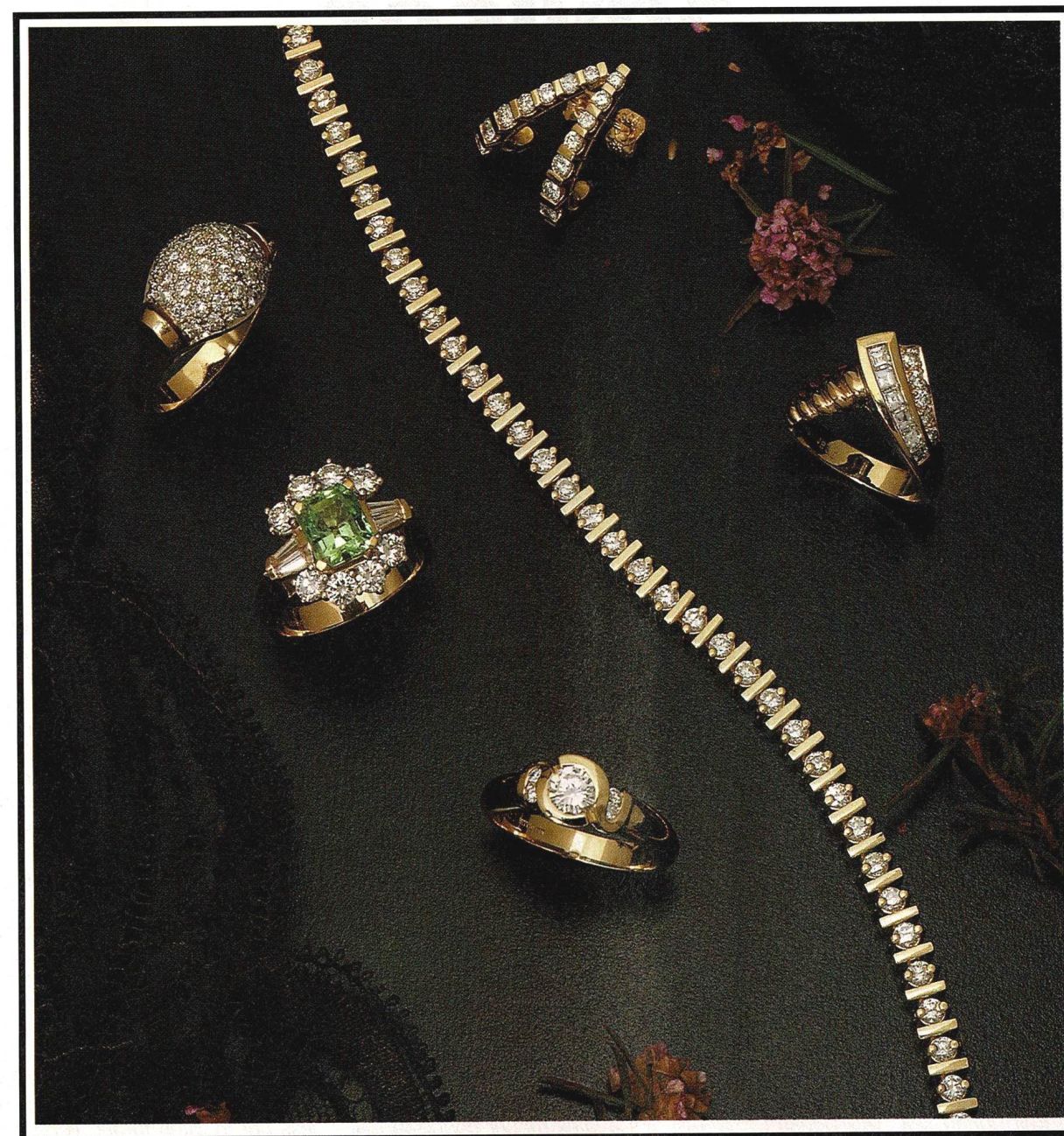
Being the first major Australian film release since *Strictly Ballroom*, *Secrets* has been unwillingly placed in a position where there will be some unfair comparisons. The story opens in 1964 in Melbourne, during the Australian tour of The Beatles and five devout fans — Emily, Danny, Didi, Vicki and Randolph —

have broken into the hotel where the fab four are staying. Their plan to meet their idols goes a little awry and they find themselves trapped in the hotel's basement. As the night progresses they open up and



start talking about their innermost secrets. Noah Taylor, who plays Randolph puts in a fine performance as does New Zealand actress Willa O'Neill as Vicki. But the show is very definitely stolen by two talented young actors: Malcolm Kennard (Danny) and Beth Champion (Emily) who between them, make this bold and unusual film a first-class piece. Despite its many positive elements though, it probably won't hit the mark squarely because of the unfamiliarity of its era to many younger cinemagoers. One for the baby boomers.*** — *Ford Buchanan*

Clockwise from left: Waiting for Ringo — the cast of *Secrets*. Eastwood dons his sixguns and stetson for another winning western. Gothic epic splendour in Coppola's *Dracula*

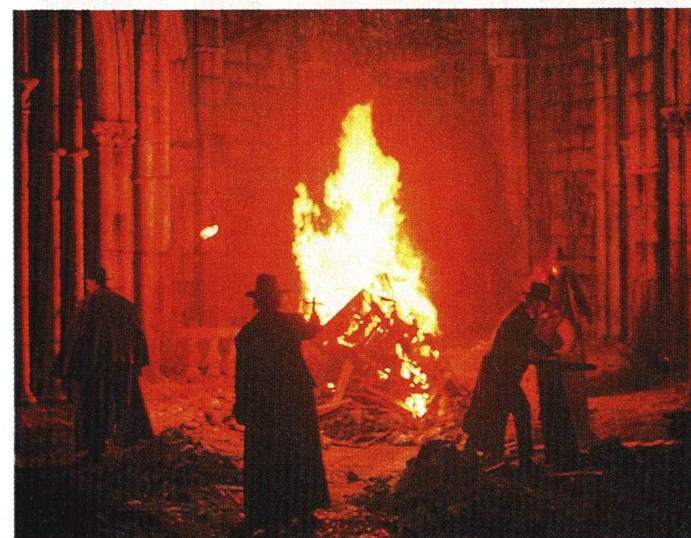


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advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Fruit bowl

My fiancée and I are getting married soon and I thought I might try something different. I thought of mixing fruit with our lovemaking. Will it give either of us an infection or cause any damage? Is there any fruit that might be more exciting than another and is it okay to insert some fruit? What happens if it gets lost and doesn't come back down or out?

Should I introduce it into our sex-life? I don't want to make my fiancée feel he is not a good lover. This would be something different. I'd like to do it on our wedding night, but am too worried about any consequences.

Spicing sex with the use of fruit is a very common activity, especially among women. In all the letters we receive at this magazine, we have never heard about negative effects of inserting or smearing fruit during sex. This doesn't mean that a downside to using fruit does not exist. We hear many tales from adventurous lovers about bananas and peach slices inserted in the vagina and then sucked out. People also find interesting uses for strawberries, passionfruit pulp and grapes. We haven't heard about negative effects but if you are worried about using fruit then ask a doctor or someone who is experienced with sexy fruit.

Reluctant tongue

I am a 29-year-old female and have a pretty good sex life, except for one thing: my partner doesn't like going down on me, even though I do it to him and he really enjoys it. I dribble at the thought of what he could do for me. Is there anything that has "lips on a stick" and with sucking feeling. I may have to invent

something. Surely I am not the only female to feel like this. Look forward to hearing from you, with good ideas or objects.

Don't worry. If you can't persuade this bloke to attend to your pussy, there is an interesting product on the market. It's called Joni's Butterfly Massager and is supposedly the cunnilingus simulator of choice among the American lesbian community (which means the thing works). It's a latex rubber codpiece that is strapped into place over the clitoris with elastic stays that look like the straps on a male jockstrap. It is non-penetrative and runs on batteries. The box it comes in says it can be worn comfortably under a skirt without anybody having the slightest idea what you're smiling about. You might have to ring around a few sex shops before you find one that stocks it. Expect to pay around \$60 and see how the other half lives.

Head scratcher

My problem is that I was circumcised as a baby. I am in constant pain as the unprotected head rubs against my clothing. I would like to know if there is anyone who can make a foreskin and attach it to the penis. If yes, then who and how much would it cost? I asked a GP and she said once it has gone it's gone.

Well who are we to contradict your doctor? She obviously has a medical insight into your problem, but common sense also supports her verdict. If you get such a sore penis head from rubbing on your clothes, why not try a softer cotton fabric in your underwear? If you wear boxer shorts you may be exacerbating the problem because boxers are usually made of harsh cotton. If this is the case, why not try a pair of those old fashioned Y-front undies or something else in pure, soft cotton? There are also desensitising creams that can numb the penis' skin.

Shaving dilemma

My girlfriend and I already have a pleasant sex life and to enhance this we would like

to experiment with shaving her vagina. She has tried this before but complains that a shaving rash would develop and is uncomfortably itchy. I have seen shaved pussies in several of your pictorials and there is no evidence of a rash. Could you please help in telling us how to do it and maintain it with little or no discomfort.

This is really your girlfriend's call. If she says a shaved pussy means itchiness and a rash, then it would be a bit heartless not to listen to her, especially since she's shaved herself before. There are women who have no side-effects from using the razor, but others react badly in the same way that some men's facial skin reacts to their morning shave. There are hundreds of creams and lotions available for dealing with different rashes, the trick is finding the one that will work for your girl. Happy hunting.

Learning curve

I have a problem which I hope you can explain. The problem is that I think my penis is bent or curved upwards towards me when fully erect, which may make sex difficult for me. I am still a virgin and am not sure of what a normal penis should look like when fully erect. It is driving me crazy trying to find out and it is making me think I am gay because I am always wanting to see pictures of other

penises. Hopefully this is only because I am curious to find out whether mine is normal or not. If you could show me by explaining it with a picture of a normal penis fully erect, this would be of great help and my worries will be over.

No, we're not going to show you a picture of an erect penis because that contravenes censorship standards. The first thing you have to understand is that there is no such thing as a "normal" penis. Research suggests that the average penis among men of European extraction is between 5.5 and 6.5 inches long. As you may realise, that's already a fairly large spread of measurements which suggests that whatever tests you do on penis size, there is never a "normal" cock. As for the shape of your penis, it is common for cocks to bend upward toward the stomach, which is why some women call them "Tummy Bananas". At the same time, it is common for penises to bend toward the ground, to the left, to the right and have no bend at all. It is perfectly normal for you to observe other men's penises and compare them with your own. This doesn't mean you're gay, it means you have a healthy interest in aspects of your own sexuality.

Fist of fire

I masturbate regularly but when I do I get heat rash on my penis. I have tried lubricant but this just irritates it and makes it sore. Is there a way to masturbate without causing this rash?

How would we know? It's your cock. We very much doubt if what you have is a heat rash, but we suggest you try a water-based lubricant like K-Y gel or Wetstuff. But if you are really convinced you have a heat rash (Christ, how fast are you stroking?) the best method of wanking would be to do it in a fridge.

Slow train coming

I am a 20-year-old virgin who has a small but embarrassing problem. I masturbate regularly but when I ejaculate my come only oozes out in large wads, instead of shooting from my penis as I have seen in movies or read about in your Forum letters. Is there something wrong with me? Can anything be done? My virginity doesn't bother me, however my lack of firing power may put me to shame in the

future. Can you please publish some helpful suggestions?

Ejaculation is different for every man. It is quite "normal" to ooze in large wads from the penis, just as it is "normal" to spray all over the place. The ability to shoot semen as portrayed in sex movies can be effected by how long it has been since your last ejaculation, and what type of stimulation the penis is exposed to. But remember, next time you see a porn video with a bloke "hitting the ceiling", bear in mind that he is a professional who is paid to be able to do what he does.

She's from Barcelona

I am a 26-year-old Queensland woman. I am fit, good-looking and have an active sex life with my present boyfriend. But there is one problem. I enjoy tit-fucking. In fact, I love it. But my 30-year-old

was something everybody did. It was safe and fun sex. I have had many lovers, all of whom have enjoyed breast sex of some type, but my man isn't interested. I would like nothing more than for him to give it a try. I know that if he tried it just once, he would be well and truly hooked. Since this is a men's magazine, maybe you can tell me what's wrong and what I can do to make him interested in my breasts. He likes going down on me and having his cock sucked, but my tits are off-limits. Help!

When it comes to problems like this, the answer can be found either in past experiences or fear of trying something new. Find out which one your man suffers from and work from there. If it's a past experience then you may have a problem because he may just plain dislike the sensation of his cock rubbing between your breasts. If he's scared of the



boyfriend thinks it's dirty and messy. He says he can't understand why an attractive girl like me would want a cock between her breasts and semen on her face. I have nice DD-cup boobs and when I was in high school, tit-fucking

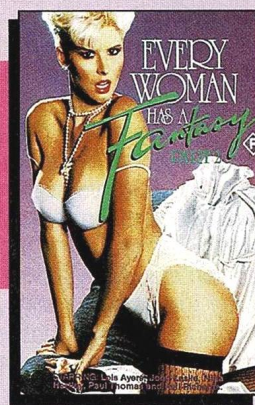
unknown you might just have to beg him to try it. If this fails then lie. Get him so worked up he's about to explode then tell him you have thrush, ulcers in your mouth, constipation and sore hands. What choice will he have? OTH

NEW YEAR SAVINGS

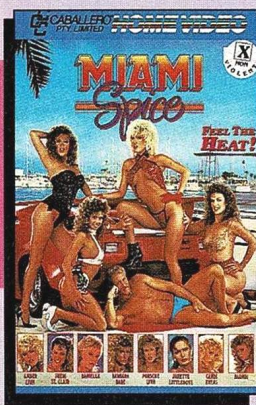
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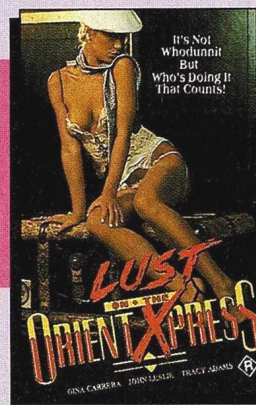
JUST FOR FUN MOVIES



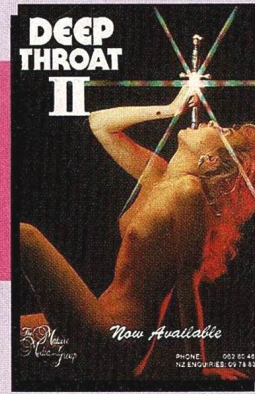
EVERY WOMAN HAS A FANTASY Pt. 2 - Starring Lois Ayers and John Leslie. Great visual movie. Watch out for the scene with the chauffeur. 76 mins. Catno. 1033



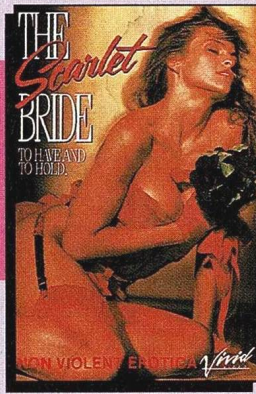
MIAMI SPICE Those Miami Spice girls sure have a nose for torrid trouble. Starring Amber Lynn and Randy West. An erotic classic you shouldn't miss. R/time 60 mins. Catno. 1173.



LUST ON THE ORIENT XPRESS - An all time classic erotic movie. You will be thoroughly entertained by this quality lustful adventure. R/time 100 mins. Catno. 1035.



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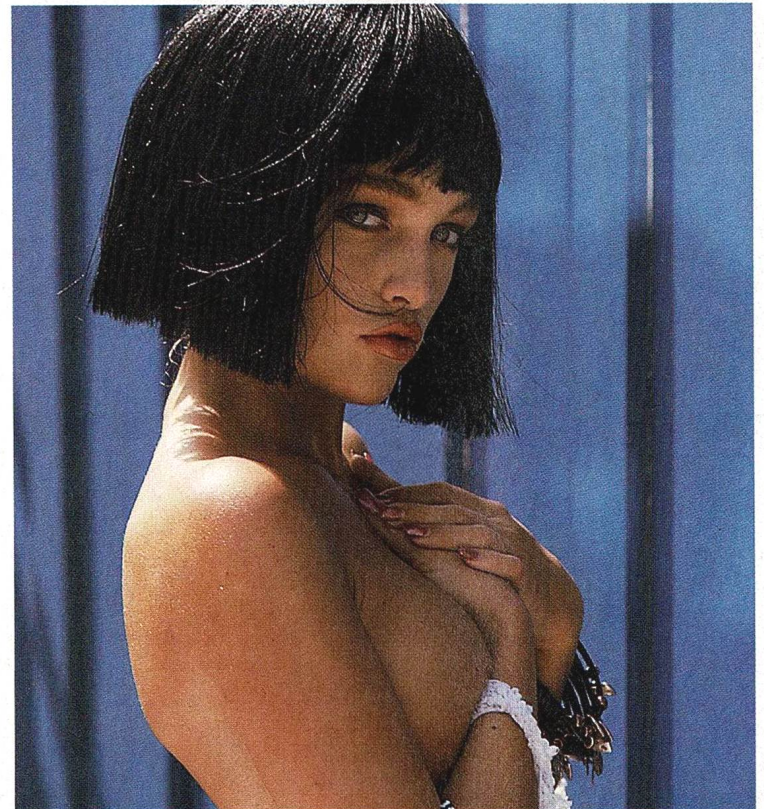
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Tori Zone

Photography by Hank Londoner



When describing Tori, the last word that comes to mind is shy. This 22-year-old is an exhibitionist in every sense of the word and thinks nothing of stripping off her clothes if the situation is right.



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"Once at this bar," she recalls, "a really sexy song came on the jukebox. By this time I'd had a few drinks and the next thing I knew, I was on the bar stripping."
After gazing on Tori's fabulous body, to say that the patrons enjoyed the show would be an understatement. Her perfectly proportioned physique is maintained by a torturous gym schedule which includes weight-training and aerobics.
In a man, Tori searches for a taste for adventure and a penchant for the outrageous.



"One of my ex-boyfriends and I made love late one night on the deck of a deserted ferry." Deep in memory, she licks her full sensuous lips and with a glimmer of mischief in her eyes she says, "and that was just one of my more conservative episodes."

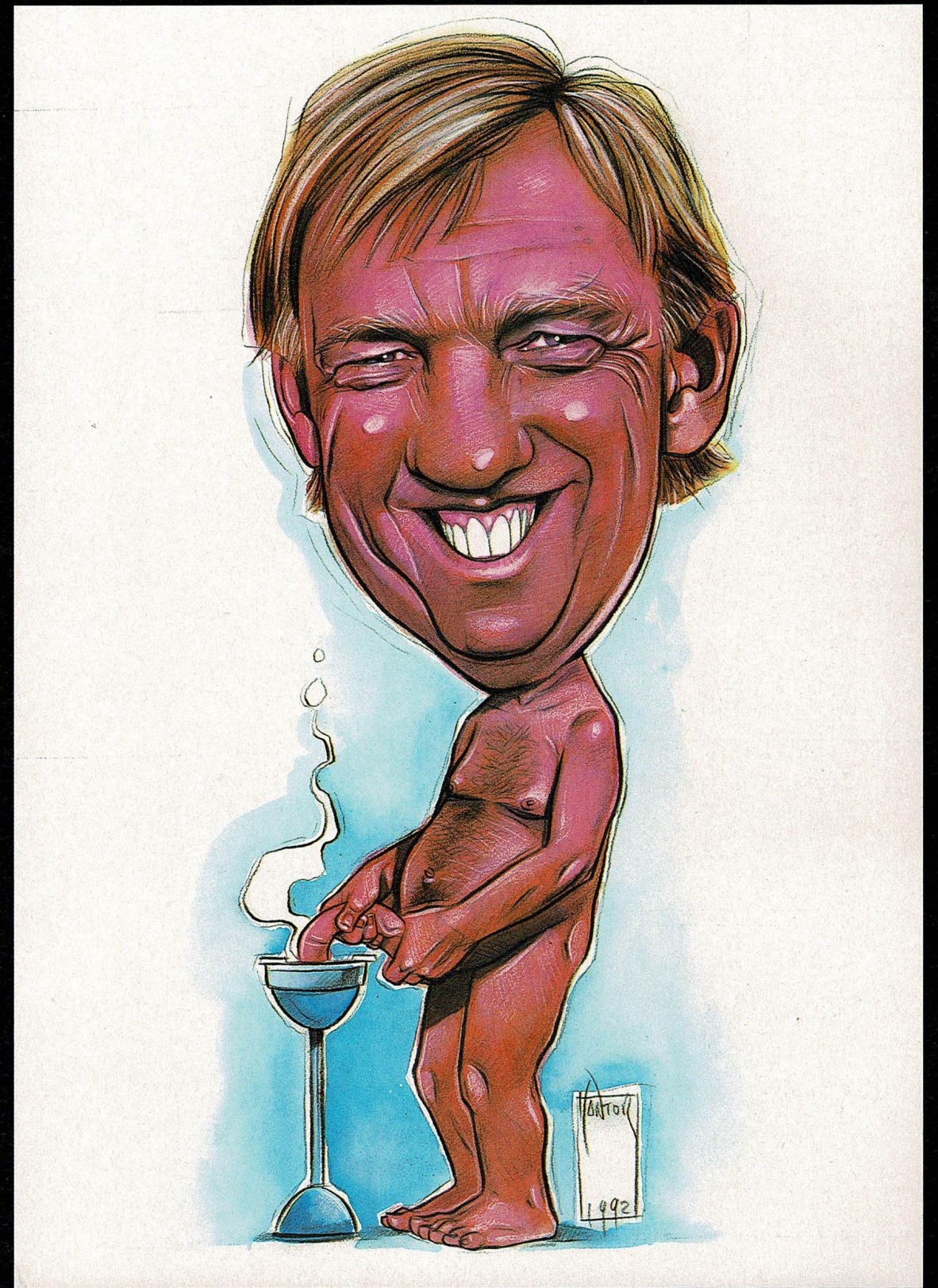
Tori says she expects her men to match her stamina and energy, otherwise she'll move on to the next one. She winks coyly when she says, "I still have not met my match."







KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

John Singleton

BY DAVID SMIEDT

ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON SINGLETON

There was nothing unusual about the way Alex spent that wintry Saturday. He met a few mates at the local football stadium, they watched his team get up to win an exciting game by the narrowest of margins and then walked to the neighbourhood RSL for a few not so quiet drinks. At about 11pm they decided to call it quits.

Alex strolled out of the RSL with a familiar, pleasant buzz that he knew from experience would insulate him from the cold and damp of the streets. Streets in a pleasant area, streets that he'd walked a hundred times before, streets that lead home. Perhaps it was because he'd lived in the peaceful middle-class suburb for four years, perhaps he was thinking about a long, sound sleep into Sunday morning, or perhaps he was just feeling so comfortably numb that he didn't realise he was being followed.



MALE RAPE

Apart from facing the trauma of violent attack, male victims of sexual assault also battle the myth that men don't get raped

— SINGLETON —

RAPE

Half a block away from home, as he fumbled in his pocket for his keys, he felt a sharp thrust of pain in his lower back. The cold metal blade pierced the footy jumper he was wearing and he felt the knife against his skin. "Do exactly what I say and I won't hurt you," blurted a gruff voice. Alex felt the hot breath on his neck. Instinctively he reached for his wallet ready to hand over its contents. "There take it all," he pleaded but he was struck at the base of his neck with such force that he fell to the pavement. He was dragged into a nearby laneway in a daze of pain and confusion and although he struggled briefly he was no match for his sober, armed and, judging by the force of the blow, powerful attacker. The man slashed his jeans with the knife and tore away the fabric. The attacker then spat on his hand, smeared the spit on Alex's anus and raped him.

Alex is one of the thousands of Australian men who have been the victims of sexual assault at the hands of other men. Rape is a disturbing and gruesome crime that degrades, humiliates and shames its victims. However those males who are raped not only battle the trauma of a violent emotional and physical sexual assault; they also

have to battle the myth that men don't get raped.

Statistics indicate otherwise. Latest figures confirmed by both the Sexual Assault Service at Sydney's Royal North Shore Hospital and the Child Abuse Prevention Service suggest that one in seven Australian men is in some way sexually abused in his lifetime. According to *Campaign* magazine, a study by the Victorian Community Council Against Violence shows that in 1989-90, 25 percent of the reported cases of rape were against men. In NSW, the Health Department's Sexual Assault Services Unit reports that approximately 13 percent of the victims it deals with are men.

Male rape is a widespread crime and is not, as the media stereotype of male rape would suggest, confined to same-sex institutions like prisons. The figures seem low not because male rape doesn't happen, but because so few cases come to the attention of the police and counselling centres. This point of view is especially valid when you consider that according to the book *Sexual Assaults Among Adolescents*, only five percent of sexual assaults are reported to the authorities.

One of the main reasons for the low number of male rapes reported is the mistaken assumption on the part of the outsider that because there was a sex-

ual aspect to the crime, the entire crime was one of a sexual nature between two males and therefore homosexually motivated.

In looking into the causes of male rape, Richie McMullen in his book *Male Rape* says that the ultimate motivating factors in male rapists seem to have little to do with sexual gratification and more to do with power and aggression. McMullen quotes a study in which one rapist said: "I had the guy so frightened I could have made him do anything I wanted. I didn't have an erection. I wasn't really interested in sex. I felt powerful and hurting him excited me. Making him suck me was more to degrade him than for my physical satisfaction."

Just as the rapist is empowered by the rape, the victim is left powerless. According to our culture being a man is directly attached to notions of strength and power. For some rapists, the fact that they have totally degraded, subdued, and overpowered another male is almost more prestigious than if their victim was one of the "weaker" sex.

Loss of power is often interpreted by some victims as loss of manhood. The archetypal man promoted by our culture is aggressive, strong and able to dominate others. The victims of male rape are also under the influence of this cultural construction, and as a result they feel they are less of a man because they have been raped.

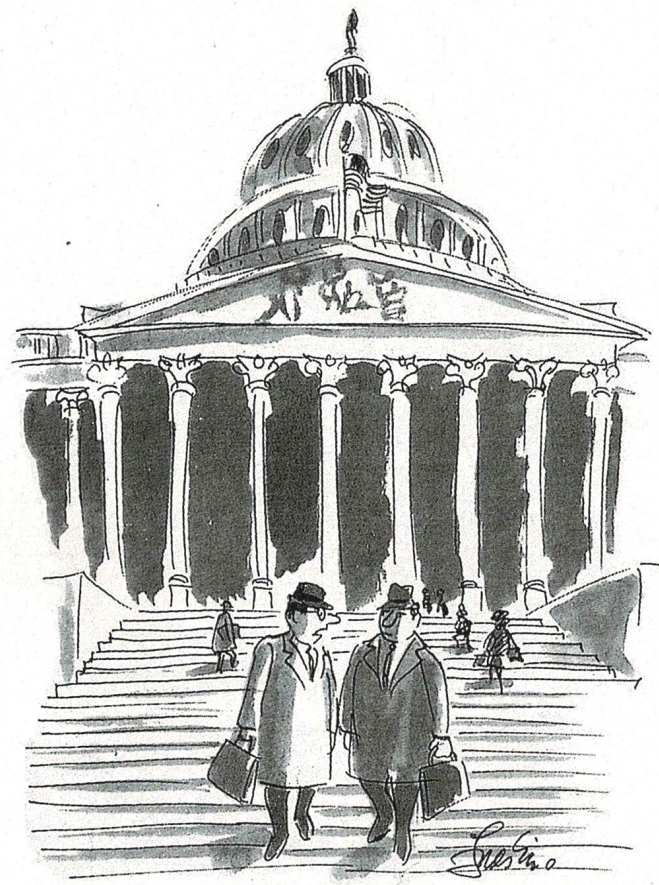
Women are constantly aware of the possibility of rape and they spend every day consciously living with the risk. The majority of male rape victims were so unaware of the possibility that they could even be raped that when it did occur they were so shocked that they never told anyone.

Unlike female victims of rape — who undoubtedly feel the same shame, humiliation and degradation as their male counterparts — male victims are still not acknowledged by our society. Consequently, they are afraid to fall below the cultural standards of what it means to be masculine. Women get raped, men don't.

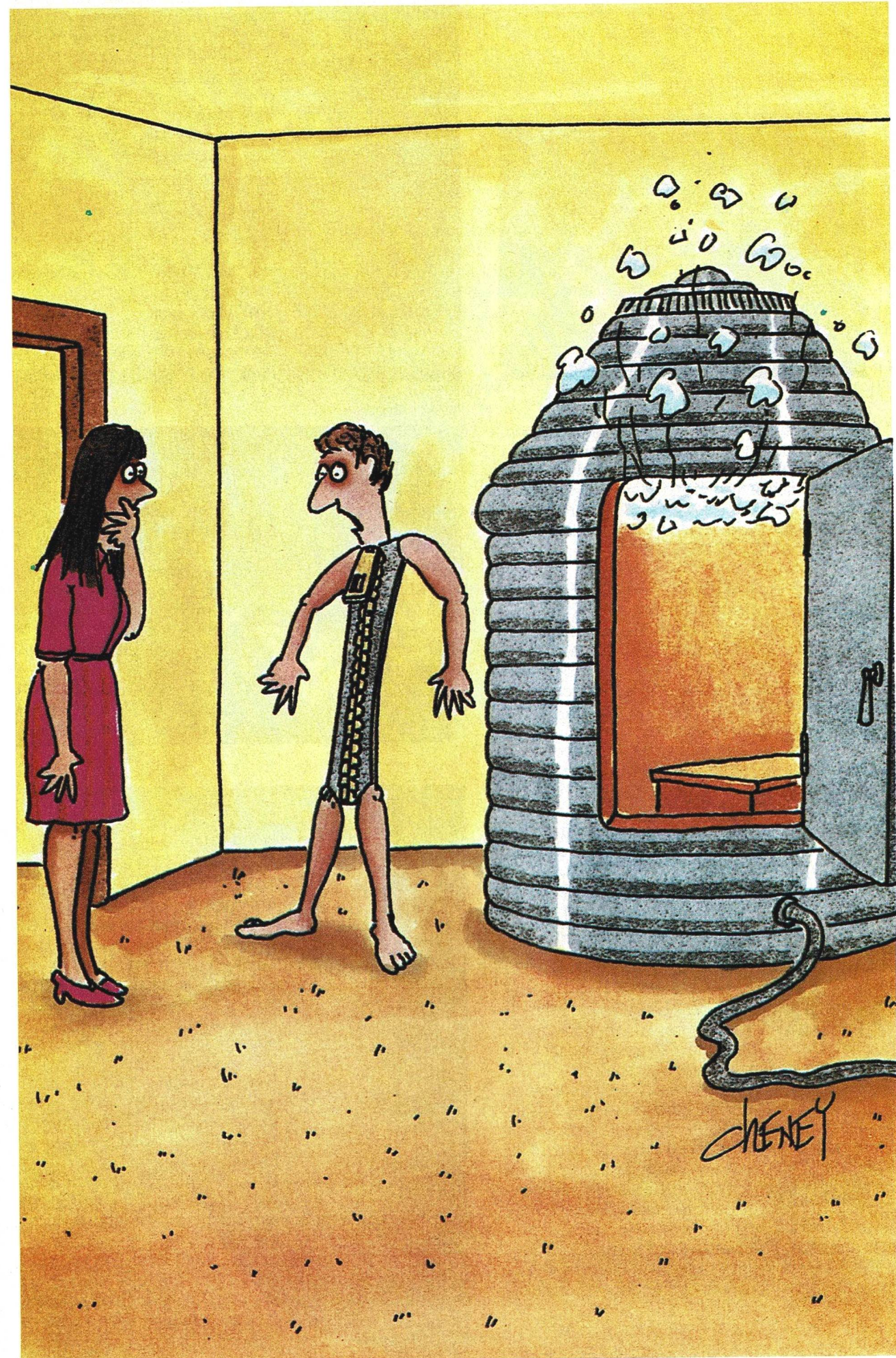
The culturally formed male ego tells us that we would fight to the death rather than submit to such an assault. According to Richie McMullen, it's not as easy as one would think. The mind of a victim always, either consciously or unconsciously, focuses on the possible outcome of the assault which is death. Victims freeze and seemingly "consent" to the attack because they feel it's either that or be killed.

Quite often there is very little physical violence involved in the rape. Verbal threats of injury are often enough to cause a freeze-fright reaction.

Most men still believe in the practice of fighting for a lady's honour. Think of



"If it weren't for voter apathy, I'd still be selling used cars."



"I'm scared . . . I think a fly got into the machine with me."

RAPE

the shame involved for a man who believes that he did not fight for his own honour.

Rape is, by legal definition, penetration without consent. For a man this means anal penetration or forced oral sex. But bear in mind that there are a number of other sexual assaults perpetrated on men by men. These include, amongst others, forced masturbation, and unwelcome fondling.

When a man rapes another man, the victim will almost certainly have some physical injuries arising directly from the sexual assault. The sexual injury is likely to be in the anus or rectum which, unlike the vagina, cannot secrete lubrication. This type of unlubricated penetration can lead to abscesses and anal tears. If the rapist does use some type of lubrication, it can — if oil based — transmit infection; as can spit; as can any germs on the rapist's hands. Some rapists will humiliate their victim by a forcing foreign objects into their anus. This can be extremely dangerous as the rectum can draw in the object to the point where it is literally irretrievable without surgery. As a result of the assaults, rape victims risk contracting a number of sexually transmitted diseases including syphilis, gonorrhea, viral hepatitis and AIDS.

The physical injuries sustained by a victim of male rape are only a part of the trauma.

One of the major psychological problems the rape victim may encounter is fear of being labelled homosexual. If the victim is heterosexual, the fear of being thought of as homosexual will stand in the way of his coming forward to report the assault — not only to police or counsellors but even to his closest friends.

What's more, many heterosexual victims will blame themselves for the attack. They think that it happened because they were perceived to be behaving in a "gay" manner by their assailant.

For many heterosexuals it is their first sexual encounter with another man. Often they are revolted by the attack and immediately categorise their assailant as being homosexual. Anne Seymour, a counsellor at Sydney's Royal North Shore Hospital's Sexual Assault Centre, says that this is rarely the case as the assailant is most often a heterosexual man.

In fact, McMullen profiles male rapists not only as being almost always heterosexual but also as not generally being more than 30-years-old.

After an attack, many victims begin to question their own sexual status.

Richie McMullen elaborates on this point saying that the victim may fear that they look gay and that this was the reason behind the attack. Equally, a victim may not be sure of his sexual identity and may then come to view the rape as some kind of homosexual confirmation.

Naturally, after being raped a victim's sexuality is challenged and Anne Seymour says that their sex life will invariably be effected. On the one hand, researchers point out some heterosexual victims consciously find homosexual contacts after being raped. On the other, heterosexual victims may simply find it difficult to establish normal sexual relations with women.

For many rape victims sex becomes associated with violence and domination. Consequently, they either consciously or unconsciously seek to incorporate these elements into their sex lives. Another reaction amongst heterosexual victims of male rape is a need to repeatedly prove their heterosexuality to themselves and others.

A further effect of male rape is that some victims find themselves so traumatised that they suffer from impotency. This only inflames their anger and they sometimes go from victim to assailant. This anger can also fester deep within the victim's psyche and can lead to depression and even thoughts of suicide.

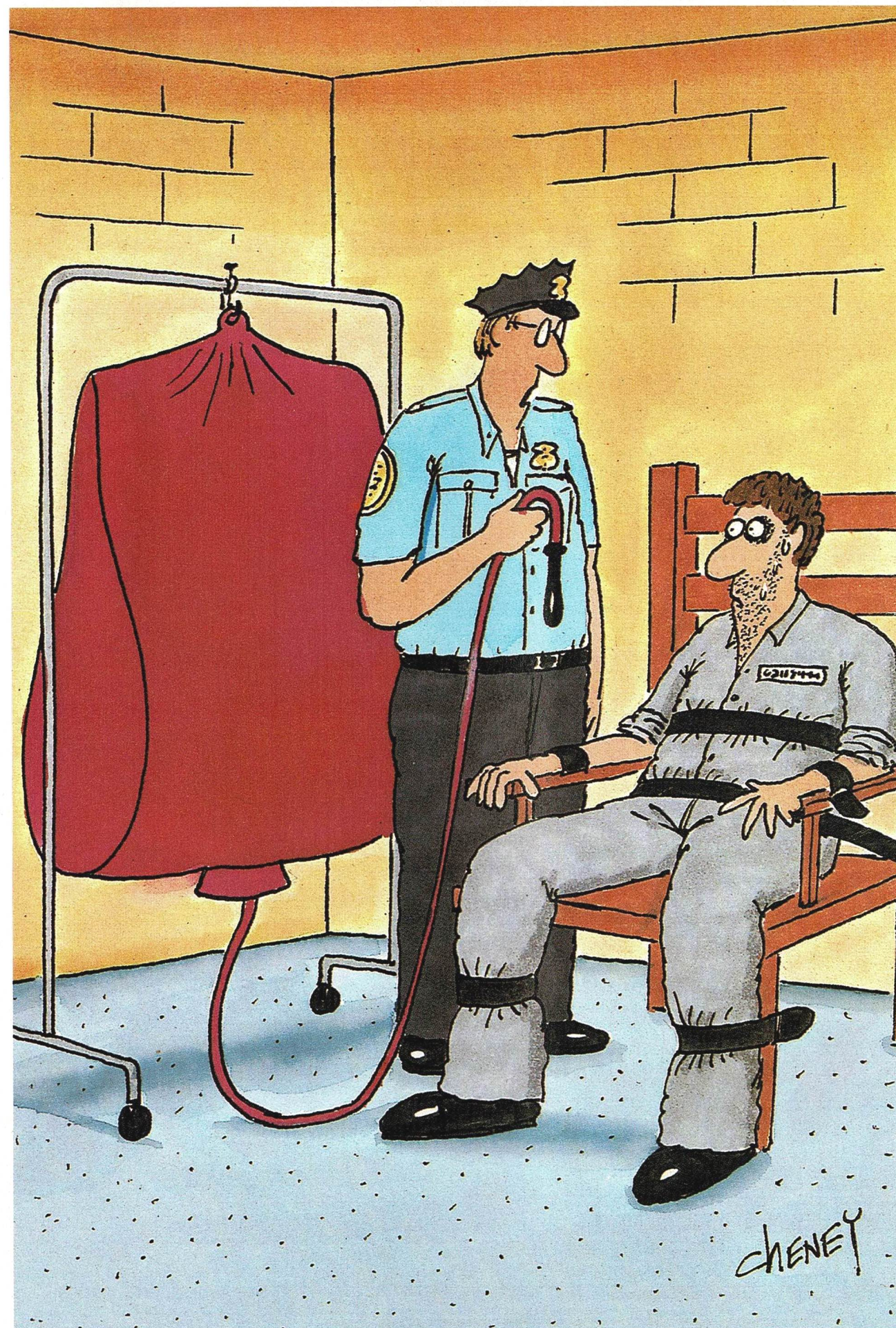
Obviously heterosexuals are not the only victims of male rape. Gay males are targeted by rapists because they behave in what the rapist assumes is an obviously gay manner. But being obviously gay to a rapist may not simply mean camp or effeminate behaviour. Unfortunately, simply being seen in a gay area or dressing in a way that the rapist thinks is a gay fashion is enough. Many homosexual victims of male rape think that if they weren't gay that this wouldn't have happened to them. Consequently they become ashamed of their homosexuality.

Ultimately the sexual orientation of the victim is irrelevant as both men and women, heterosexuals and homosexuals react to rape with a similar set of emotions: anger, embarrassment, depression and guilt. McMullen points out that in male victims, these emotions will appear in two identifiable manifestations. Firstly he says the victim may cry, sob or be restless. Secondly, he says the victim may be calm, controlled and subdued. It is the controlled attitude which emerges as the more favoured reaction by male victims, and McMullen believes that this reflects a gender-role expectation. Meaning, it is unmanly for men to express emotion, even in the face of

continued on page 94



"An eternal hard-on! Is this heaven or what?"



"Well . . . what kind of lethal injection were you expecting?"

summer
breeze

Photography by Hank Londoner



Lynda is definitely a sunshine type of girl. "I hate winter," she says, "you always have to keep yourself covered up. But in summer I can wear my bikinis and mini-skirts. I also get a chance to work on my tan."

This 24-year-old dental assistant is also a fan of old convertibles.





"Nothing turns me on more than cruising down the highway with the top down on a summer day when its just me, the road
and the man of my choice."
"One time the humming of the motor and the warm wind in my hair had such an effect on me that I forced my boyfriend, at the
time, to pull over and make love to me right on the side of the road."



When the heat gets too much for Lynda, she heads for the water and keeps her delectable body in shape by participating a number of water-sports including swimming and windsurfing. Lynda says that her work keeps her indoors most of the day and that she likes nothing more than being in the great outdoors in her spare time. With her dark hair and eyes and a body of which fantasies are made, Lynda is sure to make temperatures rise.





The pornography myth

“The ‘pornography made me do it’ argument has become a convenient excuse for the murderous actions of cold-blooded killers like Ted Bundy. This excuse has replaced others such as blaming comic books, rap music, or a confectionary known as Twinkies”

SERIAL KILLERS’

“PORNOGRAPHY

MADE ME DO IT”

ARGUMENT JUST

DOESN’T WASH

BY PAUL WILSON*

Australian and American anti-pornography campaigners have made much of the fact that one of the world’s worst multiple murderers, Ted Bundy, blamed sexually explicit magazines and videos for his horrific crimes. Further fuel for the

anti-sex and pro-censorship crusaders has come in a recent book written by two journalists analysing the background and mind of Sydney’s infamous “Granny Killer”, John Glover. In Bundy’s case no serious social scientist, criminologist or law enforcement officer takes the killer’s explanation seriously. In fact, not even Bundy’s lawyer accepted his client’s excuse. Just after Bundy’s execution, James Coleman, the lawyer who had fought desperately to save his client from the death penalty, said of Bundy’s final “pornography made me do it” interview: “It was vintage Bundy. It was Bundy the actor. He didn’t know what made him kill people. No-one did.”

While we might not know exactly what made Ted Bundy into one of the world’s worst serial killers, we can most certainly rule out pornography:

Well before Bundy turned the pages of a sexually explicit magazine or watched an adult video he was exhibiting bizarre behaviour. Dr Dorothy Lewis, the psychiatrist who conducted multiple interviews with the killer just after his arrest, reported that at the age of three, Bundy was a highly disturbed child.

He was known to have stuck butcher knives into his bed, to throw temper tantrums and scream at other children. Mind you, who can blame him. He and his mother were then living with his grandfather who was an extremely violent man. Not only did Bundy’s male role-model torture animals but he threw other family members down stairs and generally terrorised everyone he lived with.

So why did Bundy blame pornography? It is important to realise that not only was Bundy a mass murderer of horrific proportions but he was also a monumental liar. Bundy admitted to 23 murders before he was executed in 1989 in “Old Sparky” — criminal jargon for Florida State’s electric chair.

myth

The overwhelming view of police investigators was that he committed at least another dozen murders, most of which he never confessed to.

Far from being a man relentlessly pushed towards multiple murder because of his obsession with pornography, Bundy admitted that at any point during his crimes he could have stopped himself if he had wanted.

Bundy, like so many other serial killers before and after him, simply did not want to stop killing. He had decided he had a right to murder.

When Bundy was first arrested in 1978, early interviews with police and psychiatrists revealed that the killer referred to popular sexually explicit magazines as "normal, healthy sexual stimuli." It was only in the mid-80s when the court refused to certify him insane and thus save him from the electric chair, that Bundy became a born-again Christian and reiterated the party line on pornography.

Arguably the most authoritative book on serial killers yet written is *The Serial Killers: A Study in the Psychology of Violence* by Colin Wilson and Donald Seaman. In their careful analysis of the life and psyche of Ted Bundy they came to the following conclusion: "Bundy may

have blamed pornography for his sick obsessions but that is typical of the serial killer. He always blames someone or something else for what he's done; he is not to blame, it's never his fault."

In fact when Bundy was arrested neither soft nor hard-core pornography was found among his personal belongings. What was found were magazines that advertised camps for cheerleaders.

Though Bundy, just prior to his execution, was fond of saying that the FBI's experts on serial killers — the Behavioural Science Unit based in Quantico, Virginia — believed that pornography was responsible for forging the psyche of these killers, the FBI promptly disassociated themselves from Bundy's remarks.

"The FBI knows nothing about pornography," a spokesman said. During a conference on sexual homicide offenders held by the New South Wales police in November 1990, former FBI senior investigator, Robert Ressler, made the same point.

Mr Ressler, who has investigated more serial killers than any other living person, was asked if, in the event that pornography was ever abolished, would we expect to see a reduction in the number of sexually motivated murders? "No way," Ressler replied, "if you abolished all the pornography in the

world you would still have serial killers."

It is true that the FBI condemns the "bondage" type of pornography that is frequently seen in some magazines. But even here, they are not referring to bondage as in hard-core sexually explicit publications. Rather, the law enforcers are concerned about the covers and contents of the hugely popular crime and detective magazines which are frequently found on offenders arrested for gruesome serial murders.

These magazines wallow in delight with graphically displayed real-life photos or drawings of female victims bound up by rope or otherwise restrained prior to a chilling rape or murder. They emphasise the death agonies of victims, and the delight the killer obtains in overpowering their hapless prey.

The images that appeal the most to a sexual sadist are those of a woman who is bound or restrained in some way, with a gag around her mouth, looking terrified as someone threatens her with a knife, gun or a raised fist.

Even with the crime and private detective magazines, the FBI stops short of saying that such images are responsible for a particular killing. "They are not the cause of the murder," an FBI expert told authors of *The Serial Killers*. "Such killers have these desires. They have this violent tendency within them, and that's why they are attracted to this kind of pornography."

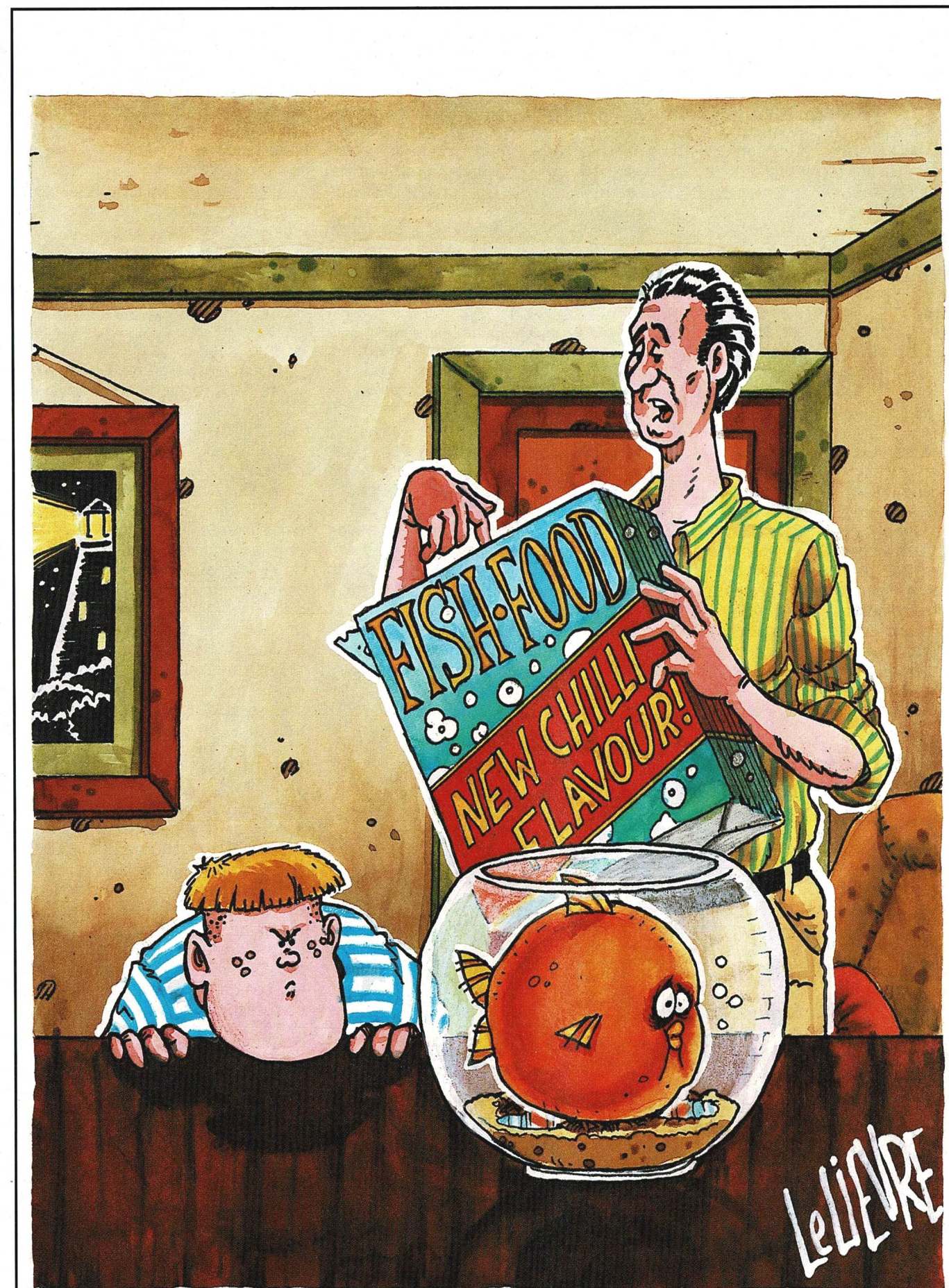
"What the sexual sadist looks for is dominance, control over the victim, and that's what he sees in this kind of magazine."

The FBI specifically denies that *Penthouse* or *Playboy* type publications play any role in motivating the violent sex offender.

These conclusions are exactly the same as those reached by academic researchers in this area. In 1990 the New Zealand Government held a major inquiry into the effects of pornography. Two of the leading researchers into the effects of sexually explicit material, the American psychologists Professors Donnerstein and Linz, prepared an overview of the research literature on this topic.

"Studies in which individuals have been massively exposed to this (*Penthouse*) type of material have either shown reductions in laboratory aggression or no increases in aggressive behaviour," Donnerstein and Linz wrote. They concluded that there was absolutely no support for the view that sexually explicit, non-violent materials influence sexual aggression.

Not all sadistic sex killers are like Ted Bundy and blame pornography for their deeds. John Glover, the Sydney "Granny Killer", murdered six elderly woman and is already the subject of two books about his crimes. The most



"See? It says here, 'Warning: overuse may cause sudden thirstiness.'"

myth

comprehensive is undoubtedly the analysis of Glover's life written by Les Kennedy, chief police reporter for Sydney's *Telegraph Mirror*, and Mark Whittaker a senior reporter with *The Australian* who covered some of the murders for the paper and reported the trial proceedings.

In promoting the book *The Australian* newspaper featured an article by D.D. McNicoll where much emphasis was placed on the fact that John Glover saw a pornographic photo of his mother, Freda, when he was young. The photo showed Freda on her hands and knees with her dress hiked up and her genitals visible.

Some in the pro-censorship lobby could make much of the fact that Glover's victims were arranged in poses something vaguely like the photo young Glover saw many years before he started his killing spree.

Those who believe this explanation have simply not read Kennedy and Whittaker's book. Only two paragraphs out of 242 pages are devoted to an account of the photo. The rest of the book provides a detailed exposition on the life and crimes of John Glover.

What emerges is that Glover, very much like Bundy, had a grossly unstable

childhood and "enough emotional baggage to make him a walking time bomb." Young John was shunted from relative to relative, partly because of the intense hatred that his stepfather had towards him. He loathed his natural father because Glover perceived him as weak. His mother, Freda, was disliked not because of the pornographic photo, but because of her general lifestyle which he described as one of "fast and low morals."

Glover was interviewed by three psychiatrists, all of whom gave evidence during his trial. There was no mention of the "Granny Killer" being interested in pornography. Since Glover's arrest his life has been thoroughly investigated by police in New South Wales and Victoria. They have uncovered no evidence whatsoever to indicate that he was interested in pornography.

During his trial Glover gave an unsworn statement from the dock. In a rambling address he attempted to evoke the sympathy of the judge and jury and gave all sorts of explanations for his gruesome murders. Yet he never mentioned pornography once.

What we do know, however, is that John Glover was a calculating opportunist who, in the words of the prosecutor at his trial, "organised himself in a premeditated fashion so he was able to strike again when the opportunity

arose." Like Bundy, he could have stopped killing when he wanted to.

In assigning the blame for sex crimes to sexually explicit material, killers relieve themselves of the responsibility for their actions. And, in blaming such material for high-profile murders, the so-called moral majority ignore those complex family and social forces that create the monsters that dwell among us.

Last year the Australian Institute of Criminology wrote to the Michigan State Police asking for a copy of a report that they had heard the Force had published linking pornography with sex crimes. The Institute was specifically interested in this report because the Michigan Police maintain the largest computerised sex-motivated crime file in the world.

Detective-Sergeant David Minsky wrote back to the Institute saying that no such report existed. Further, Minsky said that the Michigan Police had found no causal link between sexually explicit material and sex crimes.

In short, the "pornography made me do it" argument has no support in empirical research. Its logic is as flawed as other "something-or-other made me do it" rationalisations for violence.

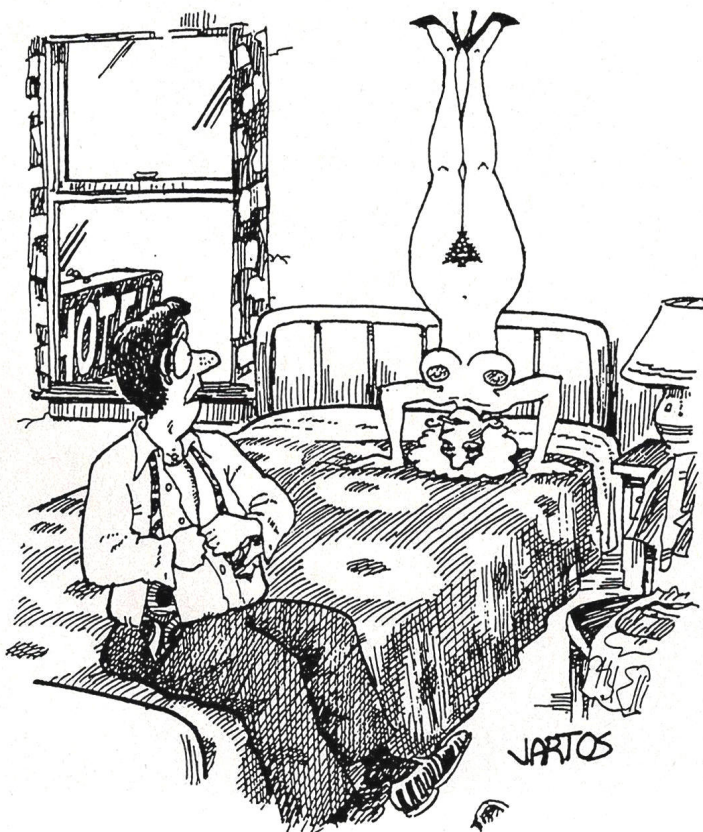
For example, some murders have been committed by persons of deep religious conviction who evoke the name of God or Jesus for the crimes that they commit. Do we assume, as the pro-censorship lobby argument implies, that because these offenders read the Bible they have blindly mimicked acts of violence they have read in the book of God? Do we therefore have no alternative but to ban the Bible?

The "pornography made me do it" argument has become a convenient excuse for the murderous actions of cold-blooded killers like Ted Bundy. This excuse has replaced other similar excuses such as blaming comic books, rap music or, in the case of the defence put before a court in the murders of the San Francisco Mayor, George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk, a confectionery known as Twinkies.

This argument, like other simplistic explanations in the past, should be consigned to that scrap heap of history reserved for convenient excuses and rationalisations of cold-blooded murderers.

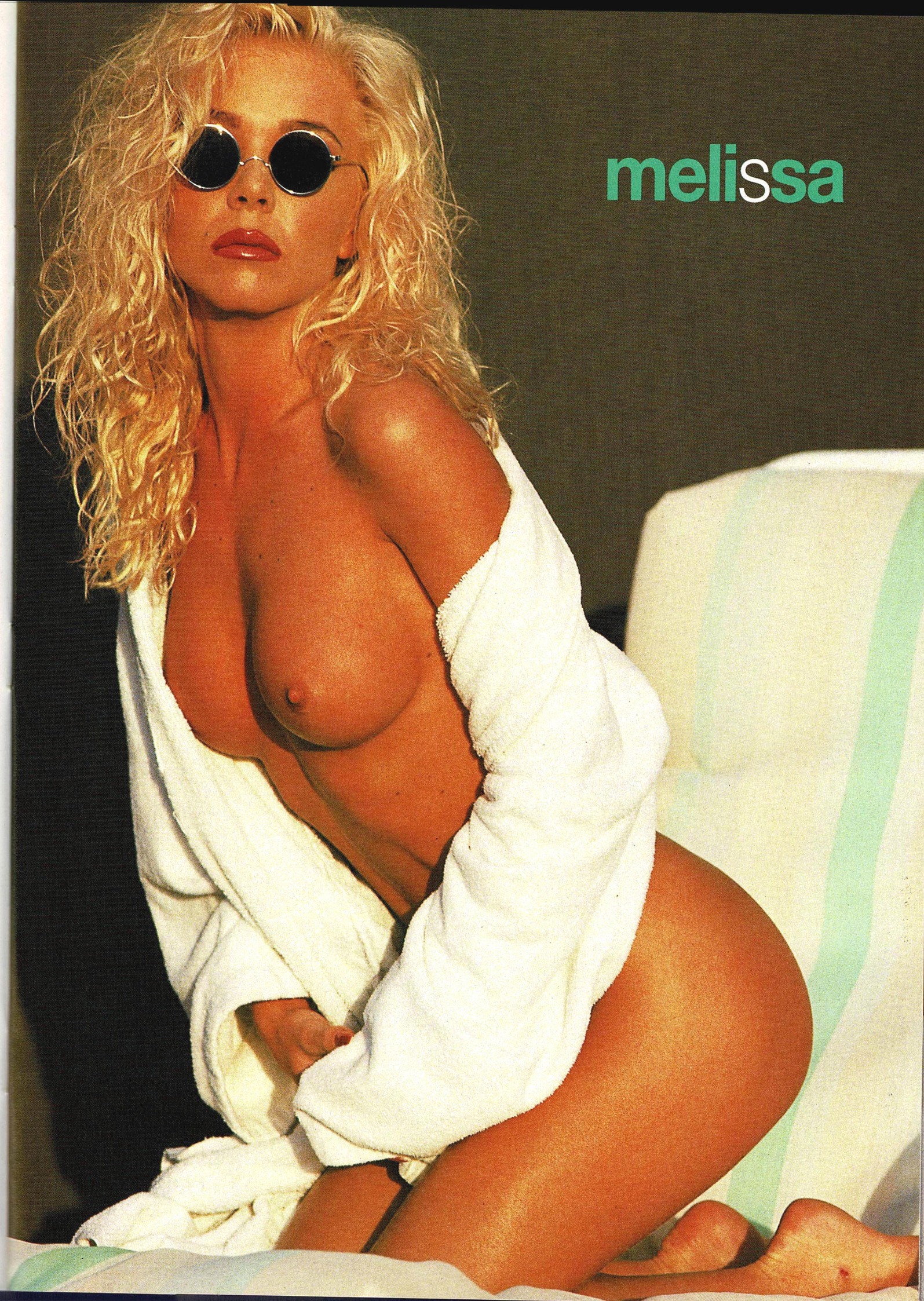
As used by pro-censorship, anti-sex campaigners, the "pornography made me do it" position recalls the words of a famous American Supreme Court Judge, Justice Louis Brandies, who once said: "The threat to our liberty lies not with the evil-minded ruler — for men born to freedom are quick to resist tyranny. Rather, it lies with men of zeal — well meaning, but lacking understanding." O—

*Paul Wilson is a writer and criminologist.



"That's the 'Christmas special'?"

melissa

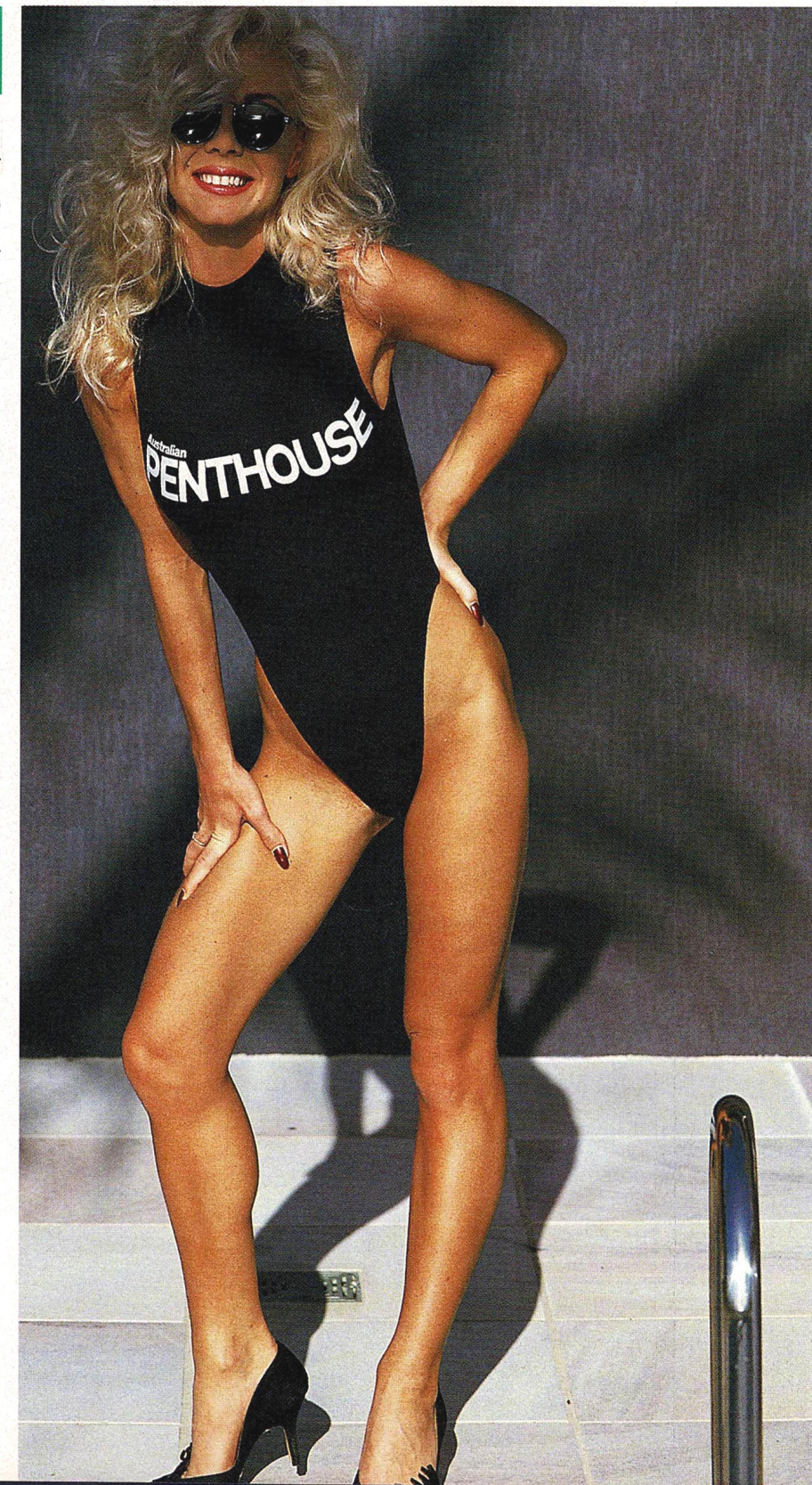




Platinum record

At 19, Melissa Burrows is in no doubt about her direction in life. This beautiful Aries wants to pursue a career in acting but she says that she has a definite advantage. Not only is she devastatingly attractive, she also is a student of psychology with a rapidly expanding understanding of human nature.

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY
BRUCE COULTER**



Melissa is no demure bookworm mind you, she has a lively extroverted personality with a definite romantic twist. Her romantic turn-ons include music and bubble baths and one of her most vivid erotic encounters took place in front of an open refrigerator. As for things in a man that will turn her right off, she says that beer bellies, thongs and no charisma will certainly cancel out any chance a man might have.





Melissa describes herself as a "people-person" and says that the best part about her job in the hospitality industry is that she keeps on meeting new people. She says that for a man to attract her attention he has to be really good at what he does because for Melissa, "power is the ultimate aphrodisiac."





This green-eyed beauty from the Gold Coast is constantly intrigued by human nature and cites her favourite book as being *Why Men Are The Way They Are*. In ten years time, Melissa sees herself raking in the dollars on the silver screen and if these pictures are anything to go by, she'll have a very strong following.





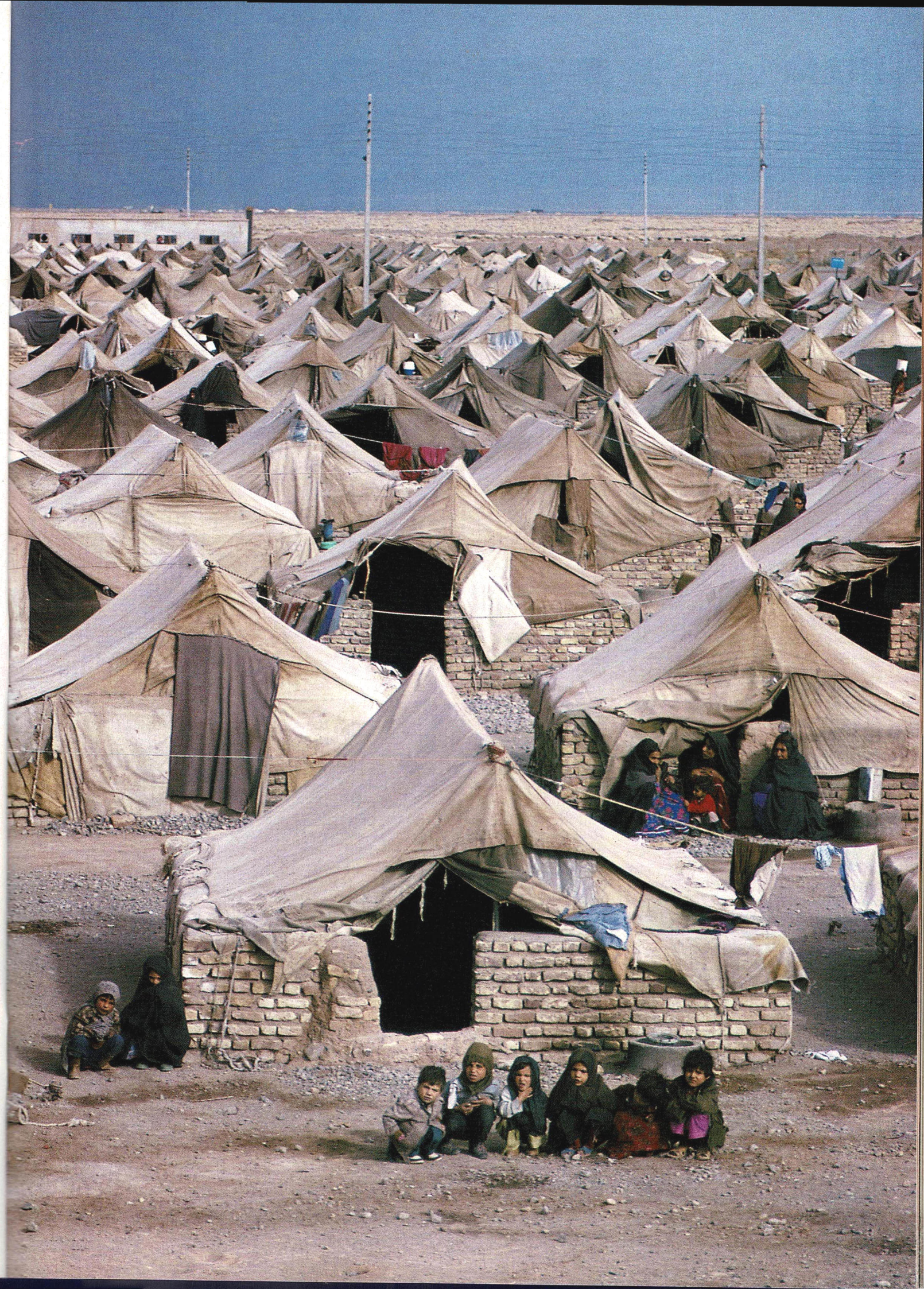
Words and
Photos by
Steve Levitt

I CAME I SAW IRAN

War zone
journalists are
addicted to danger
and are prepared
to travel anywhere
to find it.

This month we run the first story in our Tour Of Duty series — a trilogy of war zone reports told through the eyes of Australian photojournalist and cameraman, Steve Levitt.

Levitt draws on extensive experience to give us some incredible accounts of day-to-day life as a journalist working in places that most people are trying to flee. His credentials: shot at, bombed, arrested, interrogated, threatened, jailed and beaten in places like Cambodia, the Philippines, North Burma, Ethiopia, Turkey, Iran, Vietnam, Afghanistan, Jordan, Lebanon, Iraq, Sri Lanka, Bangladesh, Somalia, Sudan, Zimbabwe, Mozambique, Malaysia and Syria. If you think it sounds glamorous, then think again ... or better still, read on.



IRAN

I was surprised when the American network CBS contacted me in Melbourne for an assignment in Iran. Australian-based photojournalists are often the last to be given international assignments, because of the prohibitive costs involved in getting out of the country. Fortunately Australians are still loved in most countries, so the Yanks find it convenient to send Aussies to places their own people can't or won't cover. Let's face it, no-one really wants an Australian journo for a hostage. The booze bill alone would flatten most third-world budgets.

The assignment was to cover the end of the Iran-Iraq war which was being monitored by UN forces. The Americans wanted some pictures of the refugees, the front, collateral damage "and any silkworm missile sights you might pass." I took this to be a joke, although with the Yanks you can never tell.

I hired an old mate and fellow Australian, cameraman Martin "Splice" McGrath to shoot video. A week later we touched down at Tehran international airport.

Tehran is the capital city of Iran, home of the Ayatollahs and heartland of the militant Shiite Islamic Revolution. The city is a rich mixture of the old and the new; a great grey sprawl of concrete buildings, springing up from a desert plain to crawl up the foothills of a steep mountain range.

It has the infrastructure and facilities for seven million people, but a population twice that size. The traffic is one constant, suicidal peak hour and the power goes off for a few hours every night leaving you to freeze your butt off.

For the first few days I felt like a visitor to a dying planet. Since the US embassy hostage crises, Iran had been treated as a financial pariah by the rest of the world. US trade sanctions had bitten deep. There was a lack of most manufactured goods and the cars and the buildings looked like they hadn't been repaired in over a decade of hard living. Women, dressed in black chador from head to toe, scurried like flocks of frightened ravens past closed cinemas. Tattered awnings flapped over empty restaurants and shuttered shop windows. Nearly all the men dressed in dark trousers and army-green field jackets. Armed men with beards and constantly scowling faces guarded the government buildings and prowled around in cars. It was as if the city had been drained of all its colour leaving behind a grey feeling of paranoia and menace.

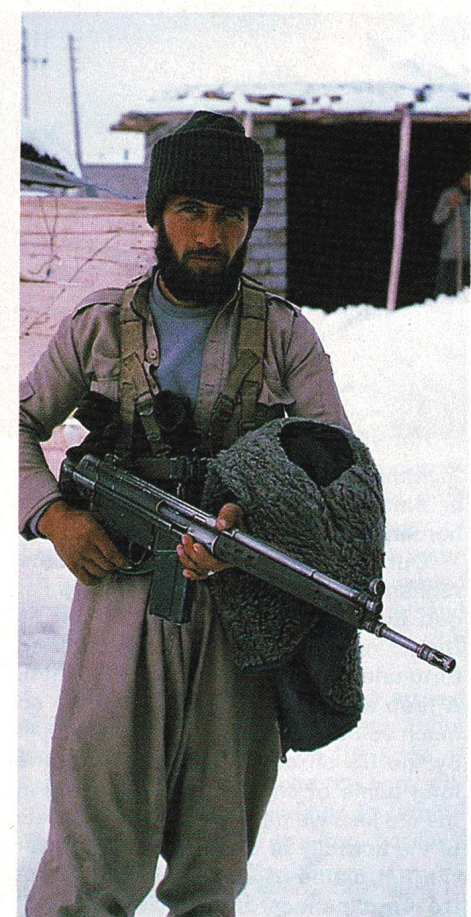
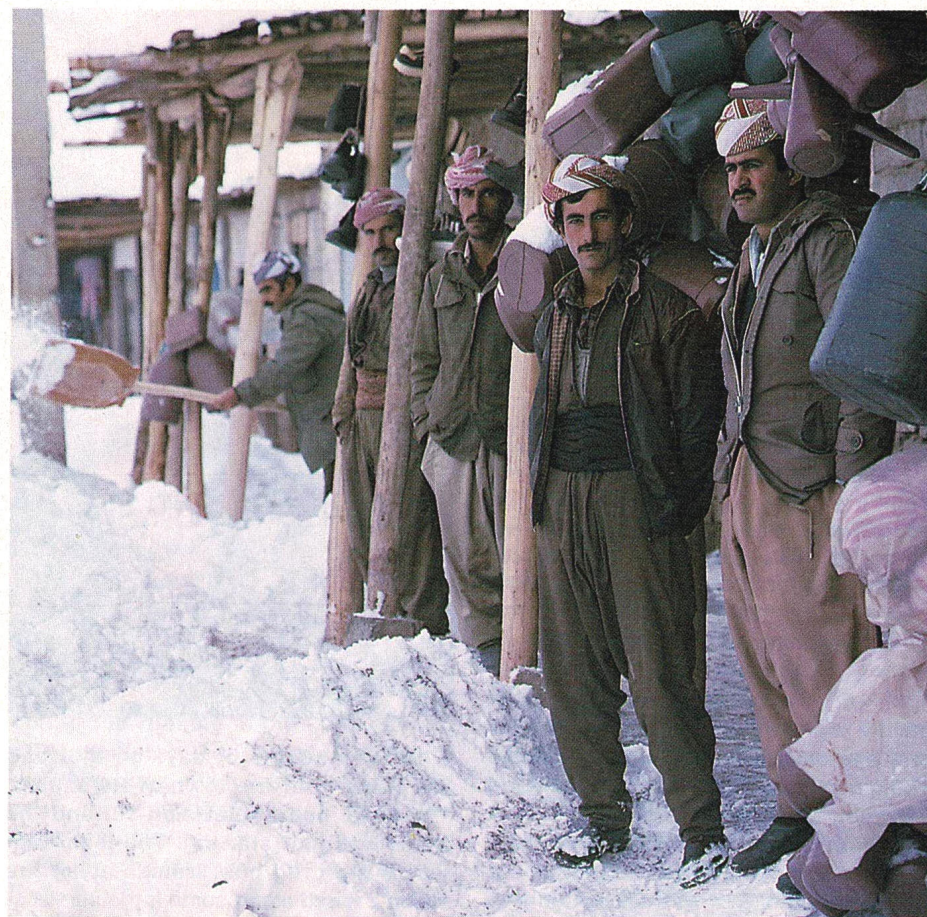
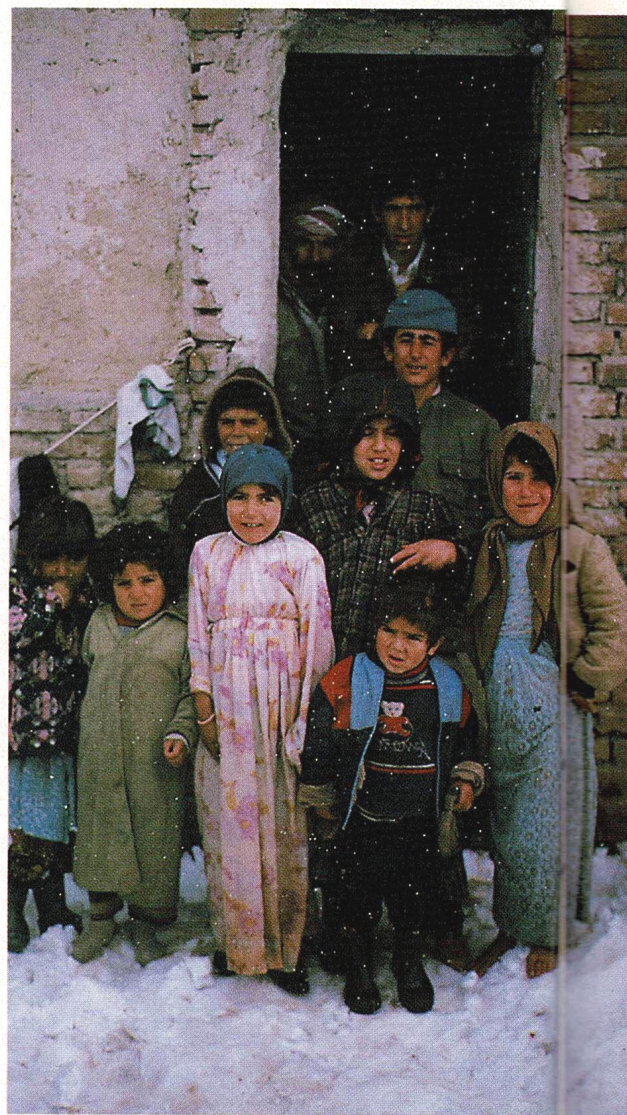
From our hotel Splice and I could hear the machine-guns in the prison chattering regularly, dispatching political opponents with revolutionary zest.



It took a week of waiting in offices, drinking interminable cups of sweet coffee, before we finally received our approval to travel. But when we did, our access was unprecedented for western journalists and it allowed us to drive from one side of the country to the other.

Before we could leave, though, there was the business of changing money to take care of. To make any foreign assignment pay well, the hungry photojournalist learns to change money on the black market. Third world banks always give you a bullshit exchange rate but there are substantial punishments for using the black market. The exchange rate in Iran, bled dry of foreign exchange by US trade sanctions, was ludicrously high. At the official rate, 30 US dollars would buy me a notebook and some toothpaste. At the unofficial rate, the same money could get me a top hotel room for the night. The tricky part was in finding a money-changer who was willing to risk his life for a few extra Yankee dollars.

The broker, when I found one, turned out to be a class-A loony, which is about what I expected. Ahmed was a young, wild-eyed hood who insisted on changing money while cruising Tehran at night in his hotted-up Alfa Romeo. To give dramatic effect, he liked to drive very fast with his lights off and Tracy Chapman blaring through the sports car's quadraphonic speakers. When you have no cinemas, no bars and no sex before marriage, you have to expect the young hot-shots get a little ratty, I guess. After



TOUR OF
DUTY

PART 1

IRAN

exchanging a small amount of US cash for a briefcase of the local currency, it was time to go to work.

We were inching through the pre-dawn traffic, heading out of town, when a white Nissan Patrol cut in front of us and our driver meekly let it pass without abuse, which was very uncharacteristic to say the least. The Patrols belonged to the feared *pasdaran*, the police of the Revolutionary Guards, who can drag you off at will to the "Komiteh" and from there to a flogging or a firing squad. When you work in Iran it pays to be aware that the Revolutionary Guard is all powerful and omnipresent.

The first assignment up was to look at the Iranian refugee situation. After nearly ten years of war on their eastern and western borders the Iranians took in more than three million refugees, which was ten percent of their population. The refugees came from



Afghanistan, Iraq and Kurdistan and live in camps dotted around the Iranian border.

Our journey from Tehran to the Afghan border took a couple of days flat out. Everyone in Iran drives as fast as their vehicle will take them and fortunately ours could do only 160km/h. A jeep at that speed doesn't drive so much as hurtle. The potholed roads, built by the US oil companies, became one long game of chicken. Belting along in the old jeep we passed the golden turrets of the holy city of Qom and crossed over the flat plains of ancient Persia: great frozen expanses dotted with pink salt

marshes and deadly quicksand. Our Iranian guide gleefully pointed out the spots where the old Shah of Iran liked to drop off his enemies from a helicopter so they would disappear into the soft sand forever.

As a matter of politeness Iranian drivers are in the habit of turning their lights off as they approach one another on the night-time road. The trouble is they approach one another at mach one. The Iranian philosophy is simple: if God wills you to die you die and if he don't you won't. This is called *Inshallah*. Australians used to drive like that before speed cameras. That was called stupidity.



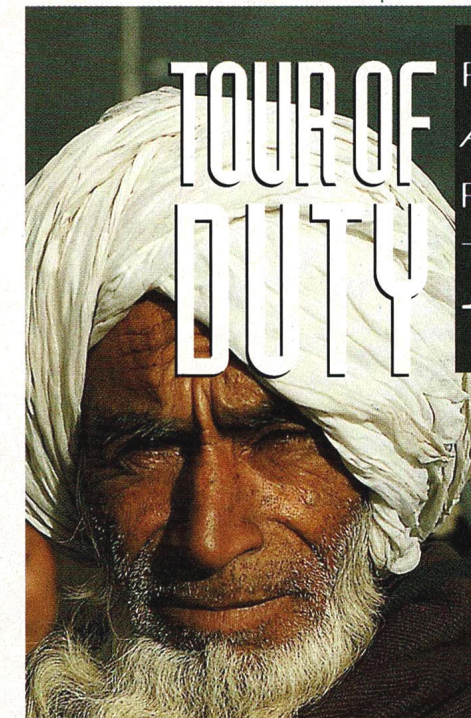
After a couple of days on the road we pulled into the town of Rafsanjan. The hotel had a television set and the news was just starting. The lead item was a big drug bust Iranian style: the vision panned along some large canvass-



backed trucks, several motorbikes, a pile of automatic weaponry and rows of dead bodies. Iranian narcotics agents backed by army helicopters had just wiped out a heavily armed convoy, killing all 70 traffickers. The convoy had defended itself with automatic weapons, rocket launchers and an anti-aircraft gun. Dope running is big business out of Afghanistan. The Iranians estimate they have one million drug addicts and hang about 400 traffickers a year. The news item served to remind me that we were on the Afghan border and shit happens.

The next morning we arrived at the Afghan camp which was divided into two sections, Sunni and Shiite: their traditional hostility dropped by common agreement while the men took it in turns to fight one another in Afghanistan.

Perhaps the oddest thing about the bleak windswept camp was the little school. Four small tin shacks rallied around a flag pole. Iranian teachers kept a tight discipline over their young charges and the classes were segregated by sex, as is everything in Iran. The boys sat cross-legged learning their maths by rote, while in a small windowless shed



next-door the girls learned the alphabet in Fassi, the Iranian language. The teacher and her tiny students were draped head to foot in chador. There was something chilling about seeing a little girl, dressed like a nun, writing on the blackboard: "We will spill our last drop of blood for Afghanistan and Islam." Outside the classrooms the boys gathered around and the teachers led them in 15 minutes of slogan chanting. The boys seemed to enjoy screaming, "Death to the USA, death to the great Satan." So of course we had to get them to scream "G'day mate" with the same enthusiasm.

The temperature was one degree below freezing and the wind would whip a brown dog off its chain. When the day was done we filled up with the ubiquitous rice and kebab and headed due west, crossing the entire country.

The mountains in Iran are breathtakingly high. Our old jeep strained its gears as it climbed, its bald tyres skidded on twisting roads made treacherous with ice. I kept a nervous eye on the black clouds building over the snow-capped peaks of the north-eastern border with Iraq. Winter comes to Iranian Kurdistan like a freezer door slamming on a time-lock. One more heavy snow fall could've closed the camp off for the next four months. Being sealed in a frozen purgatory with ten thousand Kurdish refugees was not my idea of a skiing holiday.

In the frozen, late morning we arrived at Pisk Skih Kurdish refugee camp. There was an Iranian garrison on the edge of the camp and nearby stood the bombed-out ruins of several buildings to remind us of the proximity of the Iraqi border.

Continued on page 96

sparring partners

Photography by Frank Palmer



It had been a tough day at the office and Debbie was looking forward to a long, hot soak in the spa at her local health club. When she arrived, she was surprised to find David already in the tub.





David had been pumping iron for a while and he had decided that the hot tub would be perfect for a post-training relaxation session. Little did he know that he was about to have a workout he would never forget. They had been watching each other for some months now and today circumstances had thrown them together.



Not one to dally, David made the first move. Debbie could not fight the months of pent-up passion and she fell into his arms.

Any inhibitions that they might have had were quickly soothed away by the frothing jets and bubbles of hot water which ran over their bodies.

Sexual excitement turned into erotic exploration as they surrendered to their fantasies of one another.





Together they realised what only their imaginations had previously permitted. Their lust overwhelmed them. In the steamy moisture of the tub, they initiated a partnership that would last a long, long time.





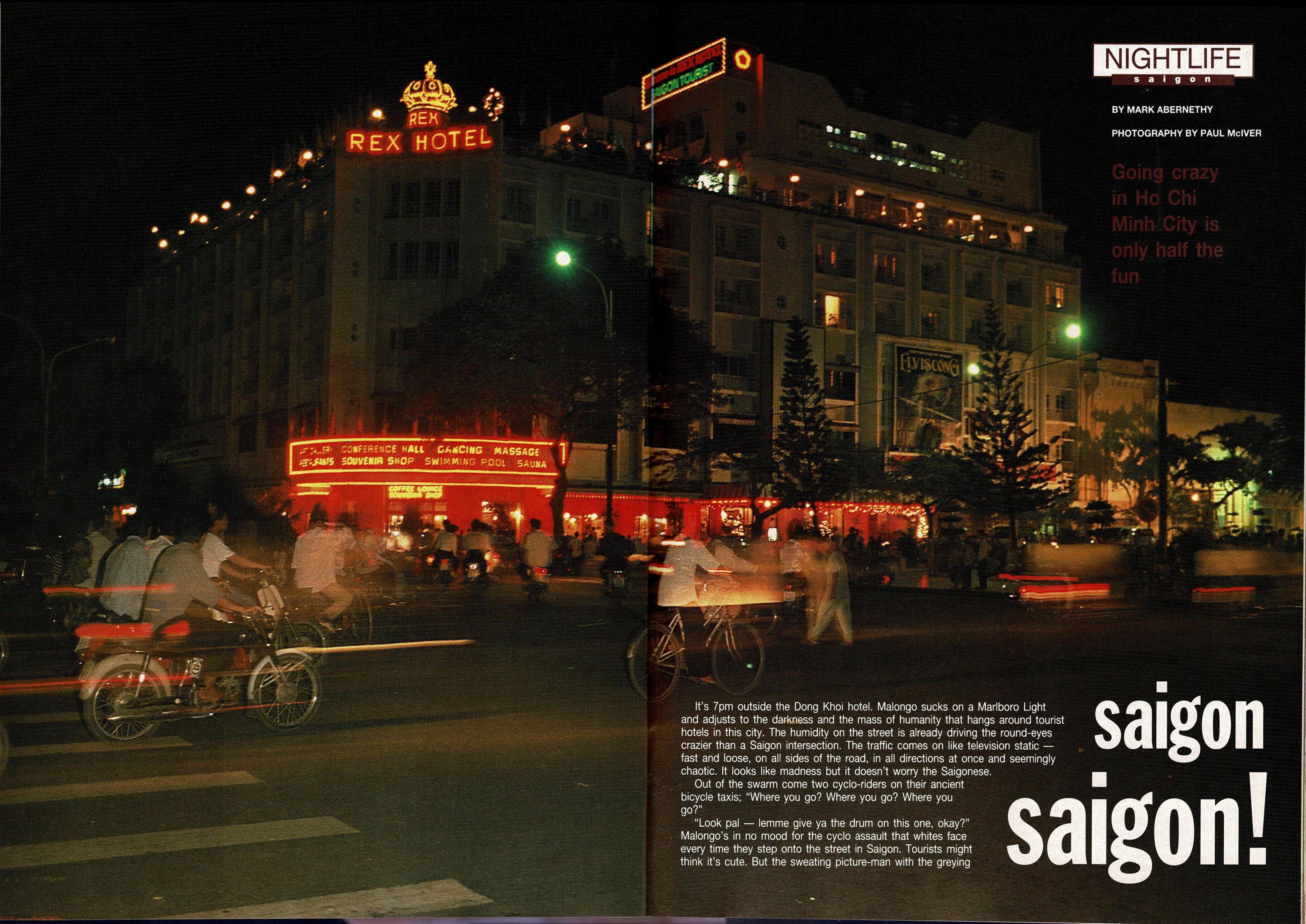
NIGHTLIFE

saigon

BY MARK ABERNETHY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL McIVER

Going crazy
in Ho Chi
Minh City is
only half the
fun



It's 7pm outside the Dong Khoi hotel. Malongo sucks on a Marlboro Light and adjusts to the darkness and the mass of humanity that hangs around tourist hotels in this city. The humidity on the street is already driving the round-eyes crazier than a Saigon intersection. The traffic comes on like television static — fast and loose, on all sides of the road, in all directions at once and seemingly chaotic. It looks like madness but it doesn't worry the Saigonese.

Out of the swarm come two cyclo-riders on their ancient bicycle taxis; "Where you go? Where you go? Where you go?"

"Look pal — lemme give ya the drum on this one, okay?" Malongo's in no mood for the cyclo assault that whites face every time they step onto the street in Saigon. Tourists might think it's cute. But the sweating picture-man with the greying

saigon saigon!

saigon saigon!

hair, bruised genitals and Iguana Beer T-shirt is no tourist. Malongo's just spent the last eight hours taking pictures in the rain and travelling by river boat through open sewers to shoot shanty towns built in the stinking mud. He's had to deal with beggars and pickpockets, and been run over by a motorbike. He's run from scammers, police spies and an overly enthusiastic bar-girl from Hanoi who grabbed him in a squirrel grip leaving him with bruised nuts.

Only five days in Saigon and the bloke who has been 39-years-old for four years in a row is about to lose his Jesus Nut. As he slows his progress on the street to give the cyclo-riders the news, the 113th beggar of the day grabs Malongo by the bicep. "Give me money, give me money ..."

This is the last bloke my perspiring colleague wants to see. The one-legged beggar clawed 5000 dong out of the crazy white man two days earlier under the proviso: "Never again my friend, understand?" The beggar had nodded his understanding, but by latching onto Malongo's bicep, he's just racked up his eighth beg since being told "never again."

"I told you didn't I?" screams the photographer shaking one fist at One-Leg while protecting his camera bag from pickpockets with the other hand. "Di Di, Di Di — Mister Paul one shot giving, you going, bye bye, Di Di, Mister Paul crazy going, one shot giving — now FUCK OFF!"

There's smiling applause from the women street peddlers and the men playing cards on the pavement as I gently coax Malongo from One-Leg who jumps around the place with his palm extended while the cyclo-riders still yell, "Where you go?"

"This is going to be a long night," he groans and lights another cigarette.

There's a saying about this place — that old cliché about one week in Saigon being like a year anywhere else. To the uninitiated this means



"Saigon is one huge psychiatric problem in search of an asylum..."

some razzamatazz, tinsel-town caper like Vegas or Rio. But the images of those towns don't apply to Saigon. This place is no package-deal, hotel-voucher city that's prostituted itself to tourism. Saigon is one huge psychiatric problem in search of an asylum — a city with a Sydney population that comes at you in a volley of such unrelenting madness, confidence and berserk energy that it's no wonder you see so many westerners wandering about in a funk, like rabbits caught in the headlights. Expats, emigres, smugglers, scammers, spooks and geeks from Britain, America, France, Germany, Russia, Japan and Australia all come out at night and muscle for more shoulder room in the former French colonial city that already numbers more than 20,000 residents per square kilometre.

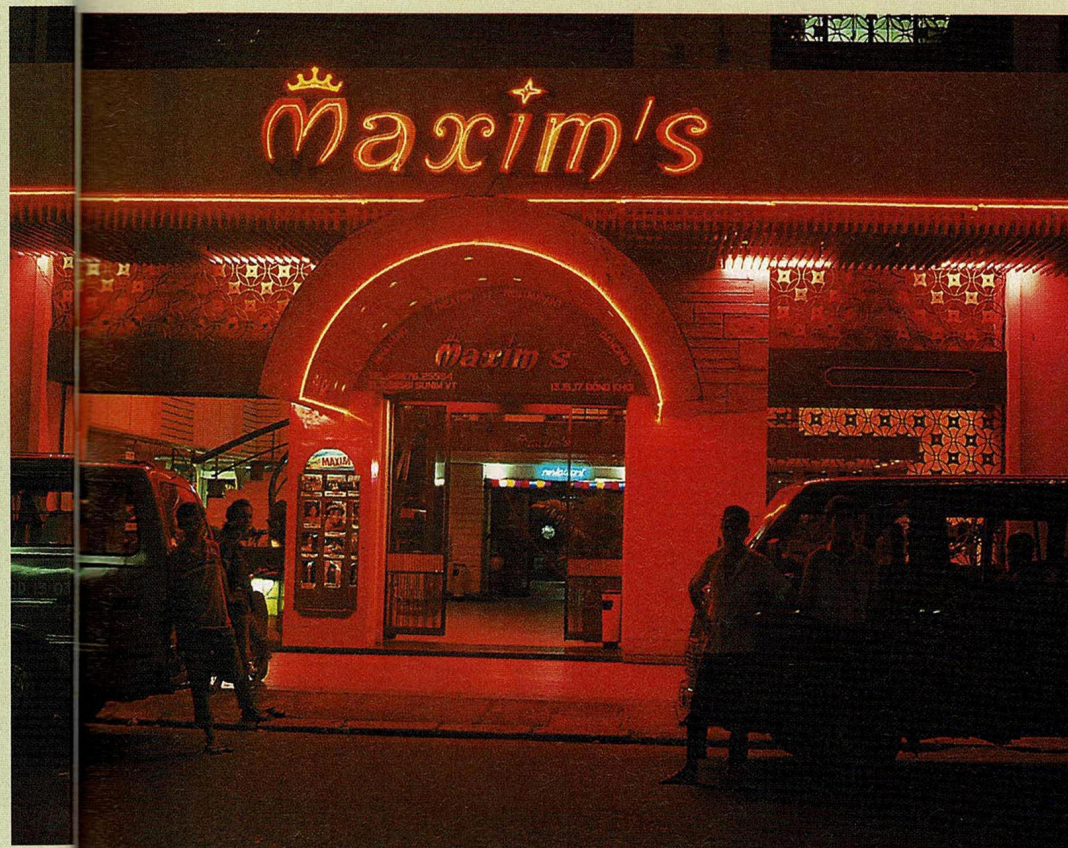
Malongo needs some space and heads for the air-conditioned Maxim's cabaret restaurant. The Asian waiter comes to the table dressed like someone out of *Pride And Prejudice*.

"Hai Tiger, Lan, Gamon," says my partner as he takes a menu that could be a country town's phone book. The deferential waiter walks off into the madness of the place to get the Tiger beers as a gorgeous Saigonese

woman grabs the microphone on stage to the opening bars of "You Light Up My Life."

Hordes of Japanese and Taiwanese guests erupt from their banquet tables, cigarettes in mouths, and applaud the young woman while the string quartet get into the swing of the thing. The floor show is a highlight of Maxim's and a big hit for Asian tourists who have a taste for the cabaret-style nightclubs that went out of vogue long ago in the Occident. Maxim's looks like a large old cinema with tables where the stalls should be. There's a crescent-shaped mezzanine overhead where you can eat, drink and watch the show in style ... if you slip the maitre d' enough dong.

The Tigers arrive. A bunch of Australian freelance journalists see Malongo's camera equipment as they pass, and stop to talk. They're gunna do this and gunna do that and expect my partner to be impressed. "More gunnas," he sneers as the journo slink, wide-eyed into the darkness. It's hard to impress a photographer who's been based in places like Colombo, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Madras, the Yucatan and Sumatra over a 20-year career. He lights another cigarette and a hugely muscled white man in Warwick Capper's shorts gets up on



stage and does a butterfly dance with a set of feather fans.

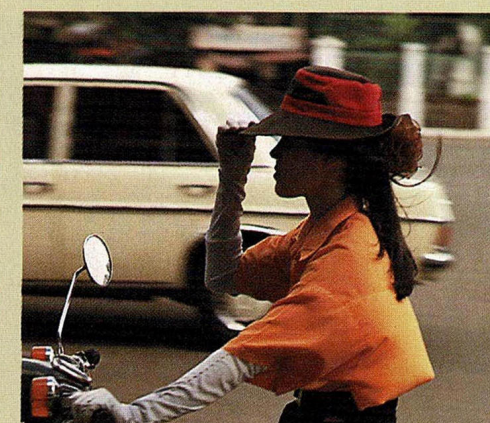
We get our food, but Malongo won't eat. His ginger chicken hasn't been boned and he wants out. We get intercepted by the manager, Nick, who wants to show us the dancing upstairs.

From the 1950s French elegance of the cabaret, to a 1976 American disco takes only 20 seconds at Maxim's Saigon. You go through two sets of heavy velvet crimson curtains, past the dangerous-looking bouncers, and you're in a world so incredibly gauche that it makes the nightclub in *Saturday Night Fever* look positively tasteful — glitter balls, strobe lights, underlit dance floor and *tour de force* renditions of Donna Summer songs. These places are popular around Asia. You go in, rent a Taxi-Dancer girl who

pretends she finds you fascinating, and for three hours you get to dance with a Saigon Princess and forget that you're married. "It all for fun," says Nick, "the girls not pro'itute."

The lights are turned off and the floor is invaded by Asian couples. Another beautiful woman in a white silk dress takes the microphone and starts up with her version of "Love Don't Live Here Anymore." This is the slow dance segment of the evening and Malongo goes for a flash shot of the dim scene. One of the bouncers moves in to stop him. Slow dancing means handjob happy hour and the customers value discretion.

Malongo is hungry and wants to leave. "The worms are jumping." We battle through the mad traffic, beggars and pickpockets to the Number 13 restaurant on Ton Duc street. The



sidewalk eatery is a mecca for natives and round-eyes alike. The food's cheap and good and the service is fast and courteous. Miss Loan, the proprietor, stands on the pavement yelling above the roar of motorbikes and car horns at her male staff that run around like barnyard chooks. Number 13 is one of the hustle beats for the local streetkids. A white person sitting at a sidewalk restaurant table is a beacon to any Saigonese with an angle to work or a squeeze to put on. Down on the Saigon River docks, just two blocks from the restaurant, the going can get violent. But back here, over the road from the 1920s, French-built Dong Khoi Hotel, it's a conman's nursery school. As soon as Malongo sits down, they come out. There's a palsied guy dressed like Mao Tse Tung who wants the photographer to buy sedated swallows from an overcrowded bamboo cage. There's the mute shoeshine bloke who almost crawls under the cage full of swallows to get to the perspiring Malongo's feet. The smiling girl with spina bifida appears next to his left ear with a tray of Doublemint and the armless guy saunters out of the shadows to pinch the besieged *Boa chi* (journalist) for a smoke. Mr Ti, a 12-year-old kid with good English, steps in to translate and broker services for Mister Paul. As Malongo starts to get worn down by the high-pitched invasion, Miss Loan sees the commotion and clears the place with a few well-chosen words. They retreat back into the shadows and practice their kung fu. Malongo rolls his eyes and laughs at the madness as he lights his 39th Marlboro Light of the day. "This place has a serious problem with its gin."

By the time the waiter arrives with a Tiger beer and the best ginger chicken in town, Malongo has tears running down his face and is in the grips of seriously disturbed laughter. He is so overcome, he can only get one word out: "Phong!"

Over my right shoulder, the inimitable Mister Phong — the Pope of Saigon, the Don King of Dong Khoi street — is hitting on an English

saigon saigon!

couple with an assortment of T-shirts, keyrings, postcards, maps and cigarettes. This eight-year-old wiseguy has his arm around the Englishman, telling him what good taste he has in women and letting him know just how beneficial a financial relationship between them could be. Phong is also moved on and the Oxbridge Poms seek our company like it's their plank in a shipwreck.

The roof bar of the Hotel Rex is five floors above the street madness, and three floors above the Rex Theatre where Vietnam's very own Elvis Cong is headlining. Malongo can finally relax. At two dollars US, the beer is expensive but you get to drink in comfort without getting hassled for money. On this huge terrace bar, war correspondents used to get drunk and watch the fire fights in the distance. My colleague never watched the fire fights from this building, he was filing out of Bangkok during the war. But as the booze takes hold, he gets maudlin wondering what became of the war correspondents he used to join on week-long benders in Bangers and get so fucked-up on booze and grass that whole segments of his memory are now lost forever. His concern is a generational thing that's difficult to tap into when you don't have peers that were killed or mentally wasted by the experience.

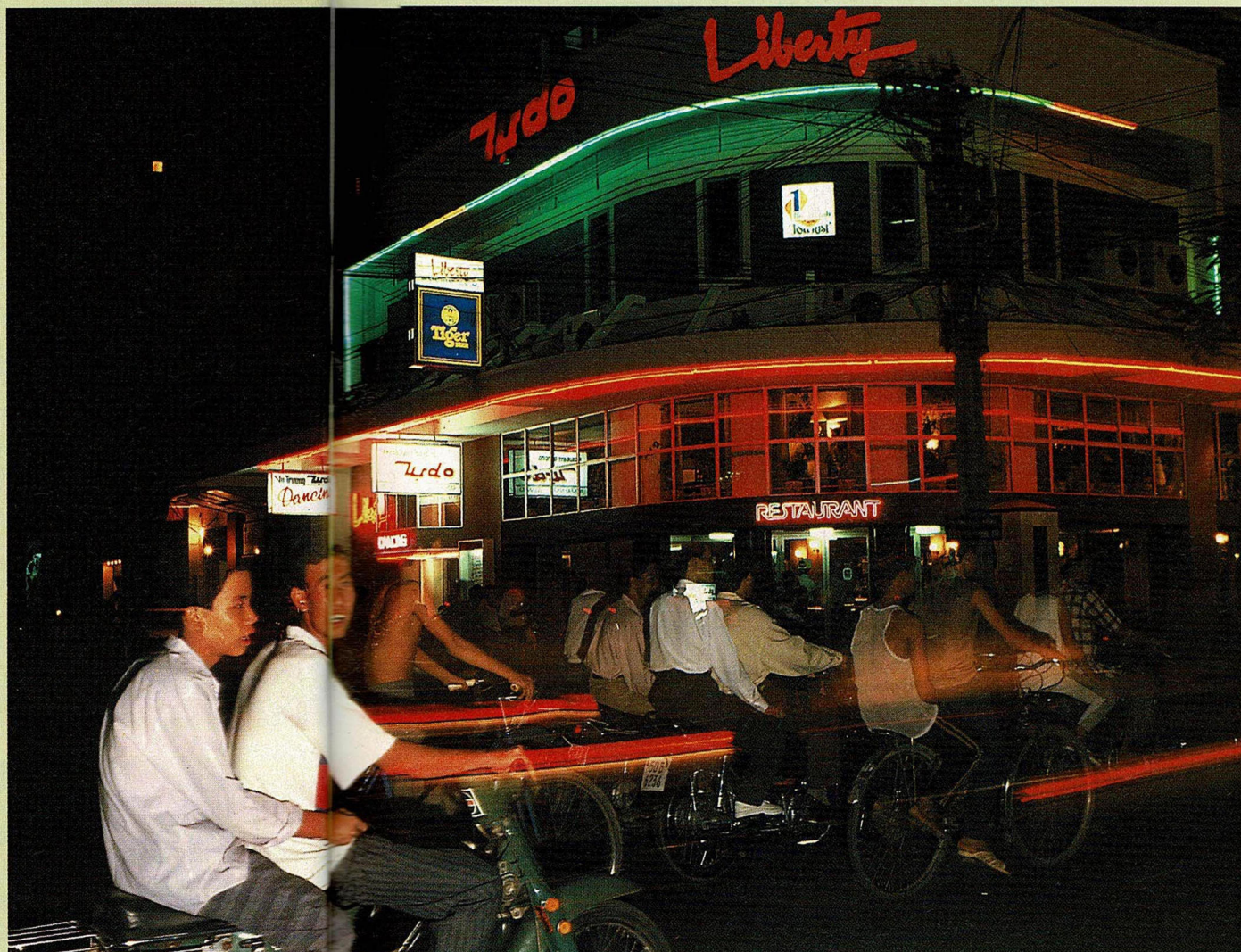
The Englishman wants to see The Continental Shelf; another war-era journo bar at the Continental hotel. But now it's empty — so empty that you have to call down to the front desk to get someone to serve at the bar. It isn't happening in this part of town, just someone else's memories from another generation's time. To find action, you have to head back across town to the one place that every fun-junky tourist in Saigon heads to at some time during their stay. It's 9.40pm and Malongo is just drunk enough to handle the Apocalypse Now bar.



Above the treble sound of Van Morrison, the 25-year-old American is screaming at Malongo through the clouds of marijuana smoke — something about a prostitute who stole his watch, and a cyclo-driver, and police involvement and the prostitute hog-tied to the plumbing and being beaten into giving up the watch. The American is gesticulating wildly and saying, "What the hell kinda place is this anyway? It was only a fucking watch!" Malongo tells him to chill out

and accept the fact that he's in Asia, but the Yank doesn't take much comfort.

This is the Apocalypse Now Bar where lunacy is the rule rather than the exception and the American is amazed that none of the patrons find his story interesting. Of far more interest is the Canadian cannabis grower and his wide-eyed paranoia about the Cambodian border. "The border's going weird man. There's shit happening over there man. There's



"Slow dancing means handjob happy hour and the customers value discretion..."

hotels full of travelers who can't get back to 'Nam — shit man, it's going weird man."

The Furry Freak Brother lookalike attracts an audience of people with vested interests. The spooks want to hear because some of them want an excuse to cross the border and shoot people, while the others want an excuse for not having to cross the border. The smugglers and scammers want to hear because one man's misery is another bloke's earn. The journo's want to know because war is news and news sells. Most of all, our English friends want to hear because they are travelling across the border the next day. After the angst attack from the Canadian hippie from hell they're nervous wrecks and head back for their hotel.

They fight their way through the throng of Saigoneses that congregate outside the bar every night. There are cyclos lined up, cigarette vendors with

their glass boxes and the cannabis salesmen waiting for a bar patron to catch their eye or raise a hand. The Mekong Madness grass comes stuffed into Craven A filter cigarettes. It costs anywhere from five to ten cents per joint and keeps you stoned for a good 12 hours.

Into the bar come a couple of stunning, platinum-blond women. They're Russian call-girls who have moved from Moscow because there's no money in Russia. Small armies of Saigoneses prostitutes have moved on to Phnom Penh to ply their trade with the UN forces stationed in Cambodia. The Russians want to drink with Malongo, and dance with him and tease him and, yes, ultimately they want to sell him smuggled Crimean Beluga caviar. They run into a brick wall on that one, and move on to the floating hotel on the Saigon River to do business with the businessmen that frequent the place.

A former United States Marine called "EJ" staggers up to Malongo. He's drinking Tequila and water because he's run the bar dry of gin. The Gulf War vet is staking out Saigon to start an American bar. He's running into graft problems and wants to know what my partner knows. We tell him about the Japanese bar owner who has handled Yakuza graft in Osaka and military protection in Ko Samui, but can't get started in Saigon because the protection payments would be too great. The big American is about to launch into another treatise on doing business in Asia when through the curtain of dope smoke comes the unmistakable form of Mister Phong. He takes Malongo aside for a man to man chat. After five minutes the photographer staggers back to the table in the state of weeping laughter you get from spending too long in this town. "Phong wants a loan," he giggles above the megaphonic sounds of Bob Marley. "He's out of money at the card game — he's just hit me for 20,000 dong. Reckons he'll pay me back in cyclo rides — he'll stand good for it!"

The bar owner, Zip Tone, and his brother Ben, watch the madness of the bar as if they're smiling on a bunch of children. They keep smiling as a local girl challenges Malongo to a game of "Drop the Dong." She holds a dong note above his open hand. When she drops it, he misses. She laughs and my colleague buys the beer.

By 4am, the brothers Tone decide to close the bar and Malongo confuses the hell out of them by asking for a few cold take-aways. But they oblige with a joint thrown in for good measure. Fifty metres up the street a couple of ten-year-old boys approach each other on the road. One hits the other with a ceramic bowl and the fight begins; a vicious 30 second's worth of head kicks, elbows, head butts and blurred punches that would make people twice their age and size shudder. It only stops when a group of slightly older girls descend on the boys with small clubs and much screaming, eye-gouging and pulling of hair. It's a timely reminder of what kind of city this is. It's a street-fighting culture where a person's only human right is the right to defend what you're strong enough to keep.

Outside our hotel, the lady/man who wants "fy dollar" to perform a blowjob, finally leaves us alone. Across the road a sinewy bloke in pajama pants is doing stretching exercises and throwing kicks at a sign swinging over the pavement. It all seems quite mad, but Malongo has an explanation: "Saigon ain't a city, Mister Mark, it's a separate reality." ○—



Antonia

Photography by Daniel Mayor

To say that Antonia's dusky good-looks are exotic is an understatement. With a deadly combination of Jamaican, Indian and Spanish ancestry, Antonia is blessed with a face and body of which tropical fantasies are made. At 25, Antonia has travelled around the world, completed a university degree in oriental languages and has embarked on a successful modelling career. Antonia plans to do some more travelling before settling down and with her appearance, we're certain that she'll be warmly welcomed wherever she may wander.



When it comes to men, Antonia says that there is nothing worse than a guy who harps on and on about his achievements or his money or his conquests. She says that a man of action really turns her on, someone who can live the moment there and then. "Once one of my lovers and I did it in a secluded area of a university library." This lady admits to being a slave to her passions and says that she is proud to be that way. "Too many people live life in a state of extreme caution, that way they don't get hurt much but they also don't experience much."



continued from page 38

enormous physical and emotional trauma.

Early in their lives men are taught the masculine maxim: never show fear. As a result of this, many victims will never deal with the natural fear that they felt during or after an attack. This repressed fear bubbles to the surface of victim's consciousness in ways that include huge fluctuations in sexual appetite, overeating or starving, fear of being alone, fear of closed or open spaces and even fear of being around other men.

What surprises and shames many male rape victims is that during the attack, although they consented to the acts because they thought they would be murdered, they became sexually aroused, had an erection or even ejaculated. They couple these reactions with previous sexual pleasure and go on to wrongly assume that these reactions must indicate that they enjoyed the experience. However, scientific data recorded as early as 1948 in Alfred Kinsey's book *Sexual Excitement in the Human Male*, has proved that a number of emotions lead boys to states of sexual excitation like erection and ejac-

ulation. These emotional states include being afraid, being scared of punishment, anger and being yelled at. Any if not all of these emotions are present at rape.

If the victim does ejaculate, as is often the case, he is likely to confuse ejaculation with orgasm. However, orgasm and forced ejaculation are not the same thing. Orgasm involves freely giving oneself to an encounter and leaves the person feeling good about their sexuality and themselves. Forced ejaculation does precisely the opposite.

In court, many rapists will cite the fact that a victim had an erection and ejaculated as a defence saying that these biological reactions signalled not only the victim's consent, but his enjoyment.

Anne Seymour says that male rape is a crime that is readily acknowledged by police and that victims should not be threatened by the possibility that they will not be believed when reporting their assault. However for the victims who do press on with legal action, the courts can prove a daunting forum for proving rape.

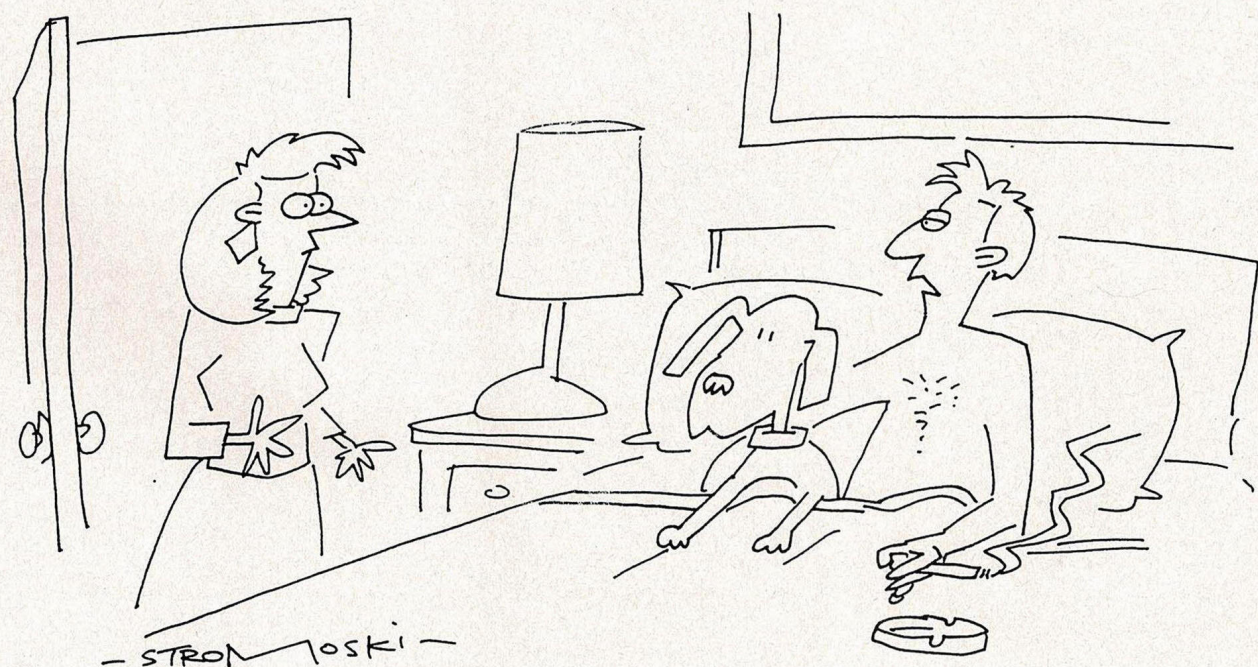
As a result of the secrecy surrounding the crime and its disclosure, not many male rape cases do actually make it to court.

If a case is presented at the bar, the very nature of the crime stands

more in the alleged rapist's favour. There is rarely a witness to rape, so the case ultimately rests between the word of the accused and of the accuser. In many cases the victim will not even see the face of his attacker and will therefore never be able to make a convincing identification.

Men are raped by strangers in city streets or country fields, and in their own homes by the people who are in charge of their welfare. There is no such thing as being too old or too young to be raped. Men are raped by day or night. There are no general characteristics of rape victims, they are gay and straight, rich and poor, black and white. The one characteristic shared by most assailants is that they are heterosexual. Ultimately, it's the psychological ramifications of a being raped by a man that inflicts as much damage on the victims as the assault itself. For many of the survivors the thought of even reporting the crime would be equal to accepting responsibility for what happened. And this means losing the status of what it means to be male.

The immensity of the veil of silence surrounding this common crime can only be vaguely comprehended when one takes into account the fact that authorities estimate that approximately some 90 percent of male rapes are not reported. ○ — 29



"Oh, stop worrying, Gladys, it's just puppy love."

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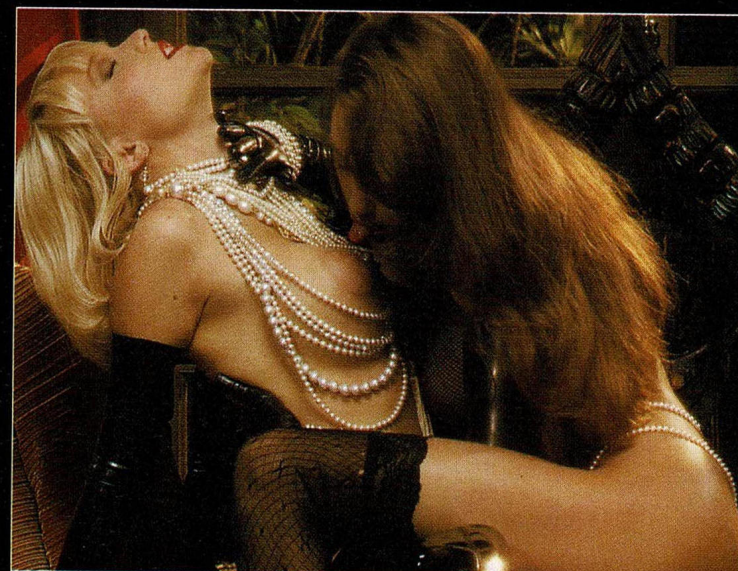
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E D I T I O N

IRAN

Continued from page 71

A lone Kurd mounted on a grey horse came cantering through a curtain of falling snow. This was my first sighting of the semi-nomadic tribesmen whose history can be traced back to 2400 BC: a luckless people, destined to be denied statehood, poisoned, gassed and scattered by their stronger neighbours. Later on, following the Gulf War, I photographed the Kurds pouring into the Turkish mountains just ahead of the vengeful Iraqi forces. They came in their tens of thousands, freezing, bleeding, dying but unbroken. Kurds are tough to their back teeth.

The attacks on the Kurds, initiated by Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, began several years before the Gulf conflict and were intended to clear a 36,000 square kilometre, no-go-zone in the non-Arab Kurdish homeland. In 1988 the world witnessed for the first time since World War One the effect of chemical warfare on an unprotected civilian population and said nothing. The Iraqis pursued the surviving populations and bombed them in refugee camps inside Iran. The attacks continue today.

When we finally arrived, the camp was lost in a confusion of drifting snow.

Myself and Splice became separated from our Iranian guides and found ourselves being led through the camp by a group of Kurdish men who spoke passable English. Our newly acquired hosts belonged to The Banner of the Revolution party. They were Marxist-Leninists who claimed that they were all members of a common front in the fight to establish their own state in Kurdistan. We asked them how they expected to do this and automatic rifles suddenly blossomed from beneath their coats. Our hosts were heavily armed and the word "hostage" began to scurry through my mind.

They took us to a hut where we met their leader Emat, a tough-looking man in his early forties. Emat sat among his clan, allowing his three-year-old niece to cradle his rifle, while he gave us a first-hand description of what it is like to be the target of a chemical attack.

He was in the hills above his village when the first Iraqi planes came. "There were six, the first one was just looking but the other five dropped bombs that exploded into many small bombs. There was white and yellow smoke and a smell like dead fish. The planes came twice that day and nearly three thousand people had died before the night came.

"The dust lay everywhere and if you touched it you became sick. Then at night, 20 helicopters came. They were

using their lights and we were very afraid. They were small and fast, I think they were Cobras. They poured things out of the helicopters that looked like rope. Some type of chemical with cyanide in it." Emat paused, his eyes took on the look of someone lost in strong memory, then he continued. "After my village was destroyed those of us who escaped made a long march into Turkey. Other villages had been attacked at the same time so there were many refugees. Those sick with the gas became exhausted and the dying were left on the trails. When we got to Turkey there was no food. The Turks rounded up all the people and put us in trucks. They drove us to the Iranian border and told us to get out. The Iranians brought us here.

"The whole journey took months and about two-thirds of the people are sick from the chemicals. After all that running we are now only four hours walk from Iraq. Now we have to survive the winter, it has been very hard on the women and children, many of them died. Thirty children have died in this camp because of the cold since I arrived here."

Emat and some Kurdish soldiers took us to a hut that was a wash-shed for the camp and doubled as a home for a family of five. It was like living in a

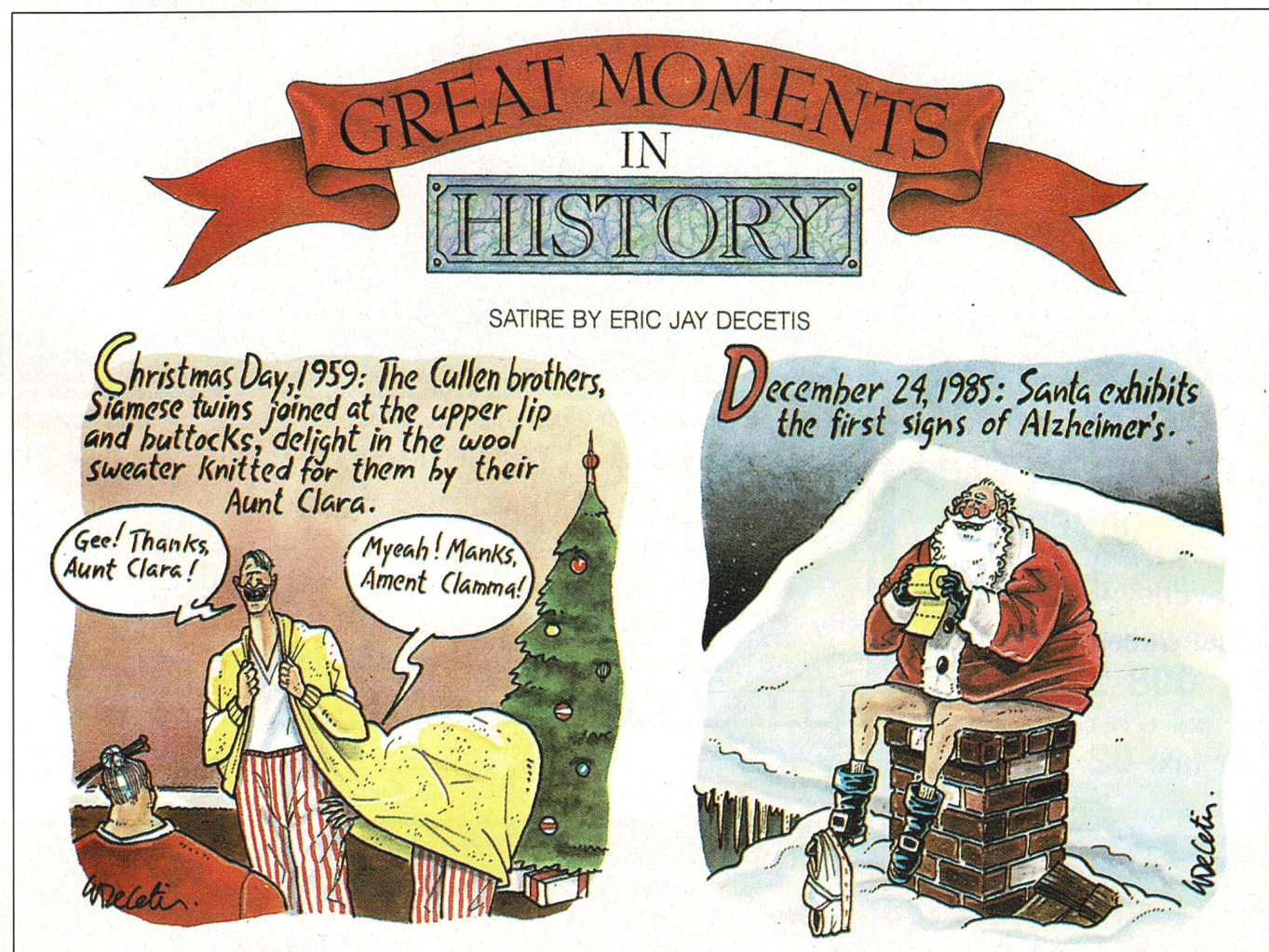
Continued on page 106



Nursing Desires

Photography by Daniel Mayor

Carrie-Anne is a 24-year-old nursing aid who says that her male patients always seem to be far more appreciative than her female ones. "I can't think why," she says with a mischievous laugh. Carrie-Anne has nursed patients all around the world.





She has worked in America, Denmark, Holland and Singapore and says that wherever she goes her patients all respond extremely well to her special brand of care. When she's not tending the sick, Carrie-Anne keeps herself busy by keeping her terrific body in shape at the local gym. "I deal with ill people all day," she sighs, "so I know how important it is to keep fit and healthy."



Carrie-Anne says that while she is not really interested in the doctors that she works with, her most sexually exciting encounter did take place at a hospital where she was on duty.

"One of my patients was a gorgeous footballer who was in hospital because of a knee injury. One night when I was on duty I snuck into the ward, drew the curtains around his bed and we made love."

In her nurse uniform, Carrie-Anne says that she usually manages to turn a few heads. Out of uniform, she turns a lot more.

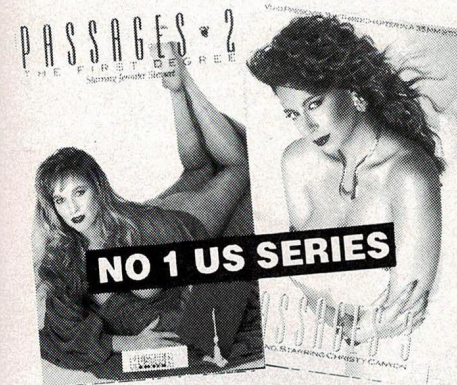






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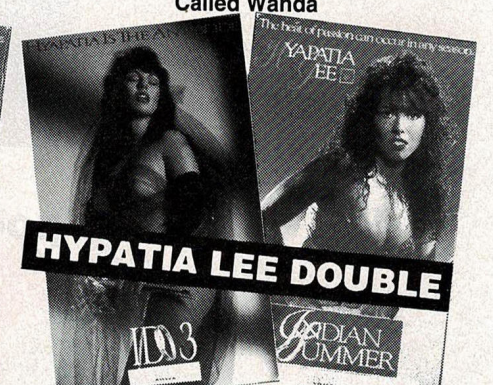
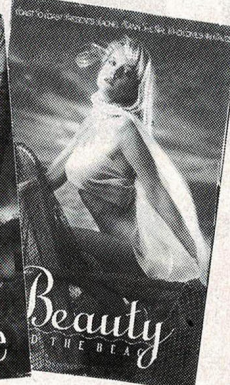


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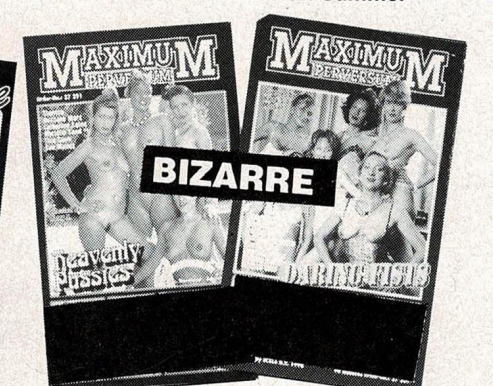
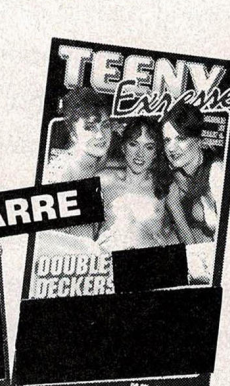


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PROFILE BY RICHARD MCKINNON

MARKED man

Alas poor Warwick, we knew him well

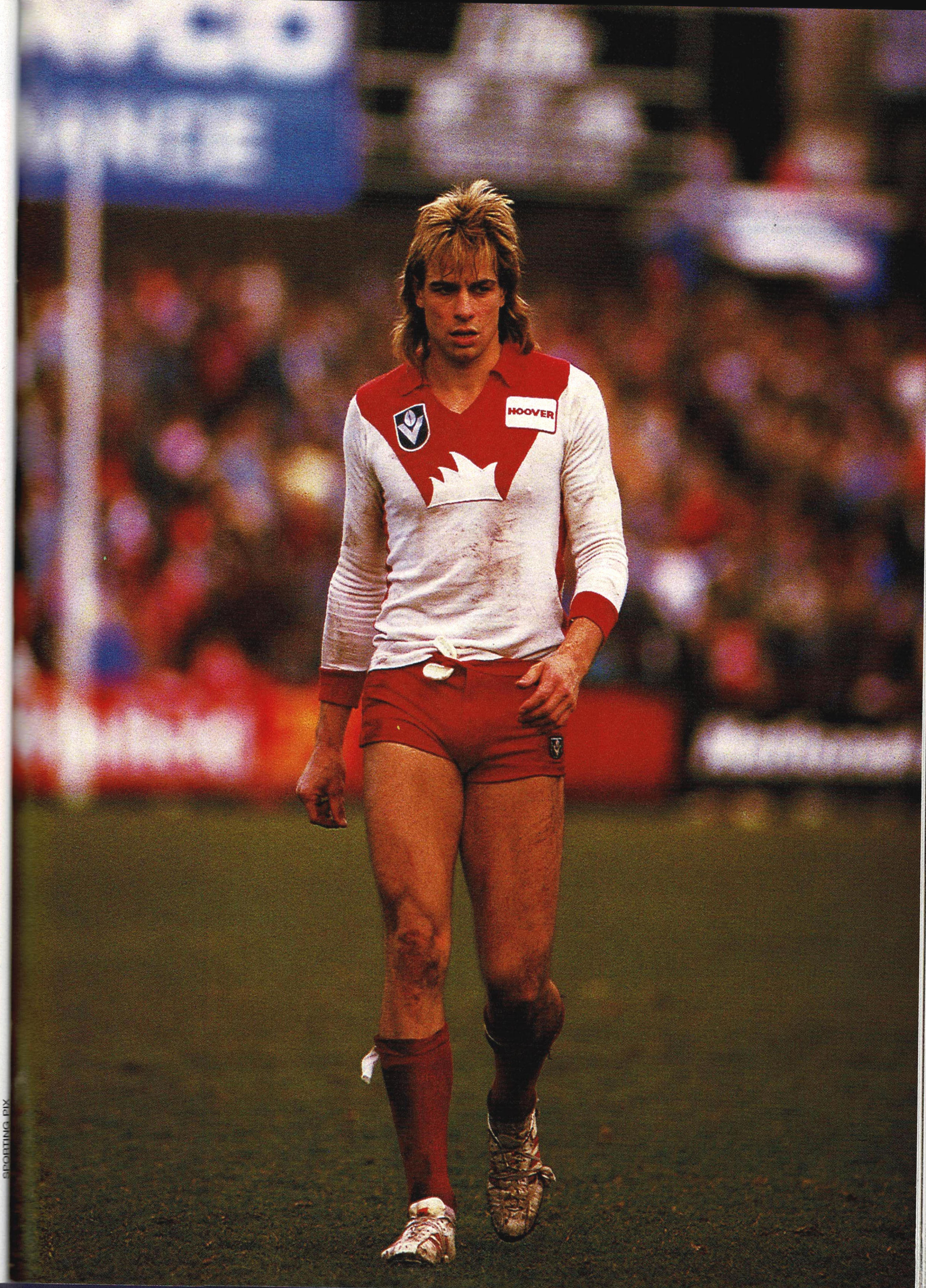
The ball hung high in the cold September air as Warwick Capper began to move. With a giant push from his left leg he was soaring away from VFL Park, his long blonde hair billowing behind him. His mind and eyes were focussed on the ball and Capper was now hovering — positioned and waiting above and beyond the shoulders of his nearest opponent, Chris Langford.

The ball and Capper were in the air together, hanging and waiting. Seventy-five thousand football-mad Melbournians were screaming out the chant that Capper loved so much. "CaPPER! CaPPER! CaPPER!"

The ball came onward as Capper floated, beneath him the Hawthorn player beaten by Capper's assault on the sky. The ball arrived in Capper's hand and he fell out of the sky like Icarus returning to earth.

Capper had taken the mark. Amongst the mayhem of this elimination final and the turmoil of the fans and the footy, there was a dead silence around the football ground as 75,000 fans breathed in deeply and held their lungs shut.

Warwick Capper had just taken one of the greatest marks ever in Aussie Rules. It was the greatest moment in his



SPORTING PIX

MARKED MAN

football career. It was the greatest moment of his life. Warwick Capper doesn't know whether he'll ever match that moment.

Today as he drifts through the sunny warm days on the Gold Coast, Warwick Capper can still taste and savour that day. But can he approach it? He wonders constantly. And while trying to recapture that moment, Capper looks back at that mark and what he was then. . .

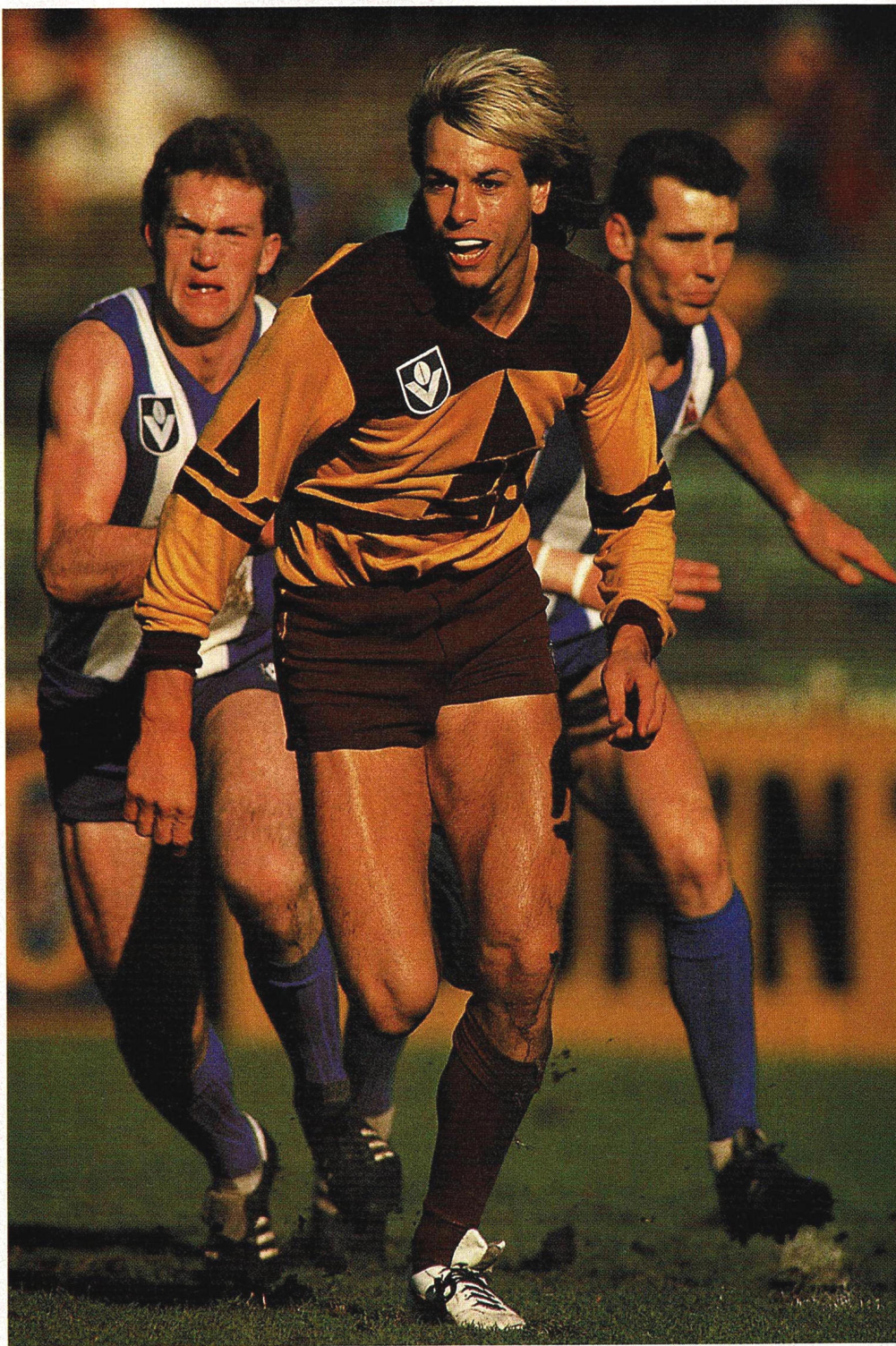
Sydney in the Eighties contained many contradictions. The rise and fall of the Sydney Swans was just one. When South Melbourne transferred their operation to Sydney and fell under the influence of Dr Geoffrey Edelstein, there was a certain kind of madness that reflected the city and its times. Sydney boomed with funny money and get-rich-quick schemes. It was flash and dash and none more so than the Swans' football drive into the heart of Rugby League country.

Marketing was the key — the Swans' marketing company, Powerplay; Edelstein entertaining and posturing with his grand pianos and airy schemes. The simple glitz of the whole scene was part of a wider vein of bizarre antics that were overpowering. It came to represent everything that Sydney stood for during those years of the Eighties' boom when life passed to the quickest huckster and sharpest act; when substance often fell prey to style and when there were few rules and little guidance. And into all of this came wandering young Warwick Capper.

Warwick Capper signed with the Swans in 1982 as a 19-year-old. In 1986 he would boot 87 goals with 103 in the following season. In 1988, he was lured away from the team with a million-dollar deal by none other than Christopher Skase. Skase whisked Capper off to play for, and make, Skase said, the Brisbane Bears. Except of course the Bears played at Carrara on the Gold Coast and Skase didn't own the team as he had said. The Eighties were about to end and Capper's run, like the era, simply petered out.

After three years Capper slunk away from the Bears and went back to the Swans for part of the '91 season. It didn't work. A knee injury brought the chop, and in 1992, Warwick Capper, king of the mark, played his first season with the Southport Sharks. Southport, Queensland — where a crowd of a thousand might be considered a triumph.

Warwick Capper was born with the talent to leap high. He worked on the talent and won best and fairest at Brighton Grammar. He learned how to be a boilermaker but he's never done



anything but be a footballer.

People have always done things for Capper. Now 29, Warwick Capper has lived in a cocoon since childhood. Geoffrey Edelstein signed Capper to play football, paid him huge amounts, arranged business deals, fed him and feted him. Edelstein's Swans would look after him, finding flats, arranging cars, waking him up in the morning, packing his football kit-bag and getting him to wherever he had to go (like practice).

Then it was Skase's turn. Skase signed him, flew him to the Sheraton Mirage to sign the deal and had the odd dinner with him. "Skase was using me. I was using him. He wanted the high profile. I wanted the money."

Just like a production line, the offers have kept on coming. Recently he was approached by a group of Gold Coasters for a shot at the movies. People seem to just turn up and look after Warwick.

"I hang around influential people, not dickheads, not people who are drones," says Warwick who never finished school or went to university. "I don't sell myself cheap. I do shopping centres, guest spots at discos, help out with insurance things."

Warwick consciously worked on becoming a commodity during his fame time. But in the rootless, drifting atmosphere of the Gold Coast, Capper continues to live in the hazy world of the celebrity he once was. Having had



help and adulation all his life he now believes he can have it both ways; celebrity and riches without success and striving.

"I was interviewed maybe four or five thousand times. I've got nine or ten scrapbooks. Once I was in the Sydney papers every day for three weeks.

"You can tell in a game when you're playing well," says Capper, "because you kick well, get a lot of goals and take marks."

With Brisbane, from 1989 to '91, he didn't do that. At \$100,000 a year he was the highest-paid player on the ground and the others were jealous. The ground was bigger than the happy

hunting fields of the SCG and the players deliberately didn't get the ball to him. It was disastrous. Capper would put up his hand for action and the ball would go the other way to the marked player. He spoke to the coach but the other players didn't care. They kept on sending the ball away from the blonde-haired star.

In Sydney he had class players like Healy constantly sending him fast, long balls to finish off in the small oval of the SCG. "If I was as good a kicker as Ablett, I probably would have kicked 800 goals not 400."

Capper faces his past quite happily. He knows the key to his fame was his

"The Eighties were about to end and Capper's run, like the era, simply petered out. . ."



appearance. "I always had long hair and tight shorts. But then I thought, what about white boots? When I started to play well, away it all went.

"There were other players better than me like Williams, Healy, Peart or Ablett but I just marketed myself better than they did."

The Swans started to draw big crowds and Capper loved the attention. He liked the crowd focus, good or bad. Up close, Capper can be a little shy, but on a footy field he was a larrikin. When everything came together, the man with the hair and the boots began to make a name and the hype machine kicked into action. The acclaim fed Capper's confidence. 1987 was like a magic circle for Warwick Capper.

To Warwick, the whole of Sydney seemed riveted by him. He would open the paper day after day to see himself. "People got a fabricated story during the Edelstein days. They thought I was hanging around, driving Ferraris, rooting six sheilas a week, which you just couldn't do if you were kicking 100 goals a year," he reflects. But he didn't try to dissuade them. "Yeah, it was nice to read, hear the nice things. At other times I didn't think that I deserved it,"

MARKED MAN

he sighs. "I understand that play good and they love ya, play bad and they wanna blame ya. I was big enough to accept that."

But the key was simple: "We were winning at the Swans and we had seven or eight top players that Edelstein had bought so we kept on winning."

"It was great being in Sydney at that time. Social invitations were unreal. Every night I had three different things to go to, except half the time I was too tired after training so I'd just throw them in the bin."

But still they arrived. Mr Capper this, Mr Capper that. What a tonic! What a powerfully intoxicating drug they were, these letters imploring and begging this fine athlete, this fine human being to join the elite.

And in the end, never thinking that the charmed moment could be broken, he left the Swans for the most obvious reason. "I went to Brisbane for the money. Being a footballer you don't have long to make the money. I knew after my second season, that I had to go after the money and other players told me, 'make what you can — the clubs will use you, use them back.'"

Life changed when he got to Carrara in 1988. "To tell the truth, I relaxed a

little getting the guaranteed money."

Everything was wrong. No spotlights, no goals, no glamour and no-one really caring. He stuck there for a while, hating it. Then came the predictable end. "After three years I wanted out."

The Bears deal paid for his 65 square house and 30 acres on the coast and probably the Red Mazda RX7 he now drives.

Now, as if it's the most natural transition in the world, Warwick says he's going to make a career in films. "John Lyons, the producer, came to me because I knew Greg Skipper, one of the other directors of the film. They know I was famous in Australia so I would be a good marketing tool for them."

"See, they wouldn't have got the publicity for the film if it wasn't for me."

Being Warwick his expectations are high: "Films offer me the chance to make it big all over the world, make big dollars. I think a Bruce Lee sort of thing would suit me, I'm a high action sort of fella. Sylvester Stallone, Rocky, Rambo, Lethal Weapons, Mel Gibson."

All that hope seems a lot to ask from a low-budget, three million dollar flick where he'll be lucky to be seen as an extra.

He's on a downward trajectory and has been since the day of the big mark. The team lost that day, he left the next

year, and everything went sour. He still hankers for the big time of the AFL: "I wouldn't rule it out. People keep saying to me, 'You're the best, you're the master.' I'd probably only want forty or fifty grand to play."

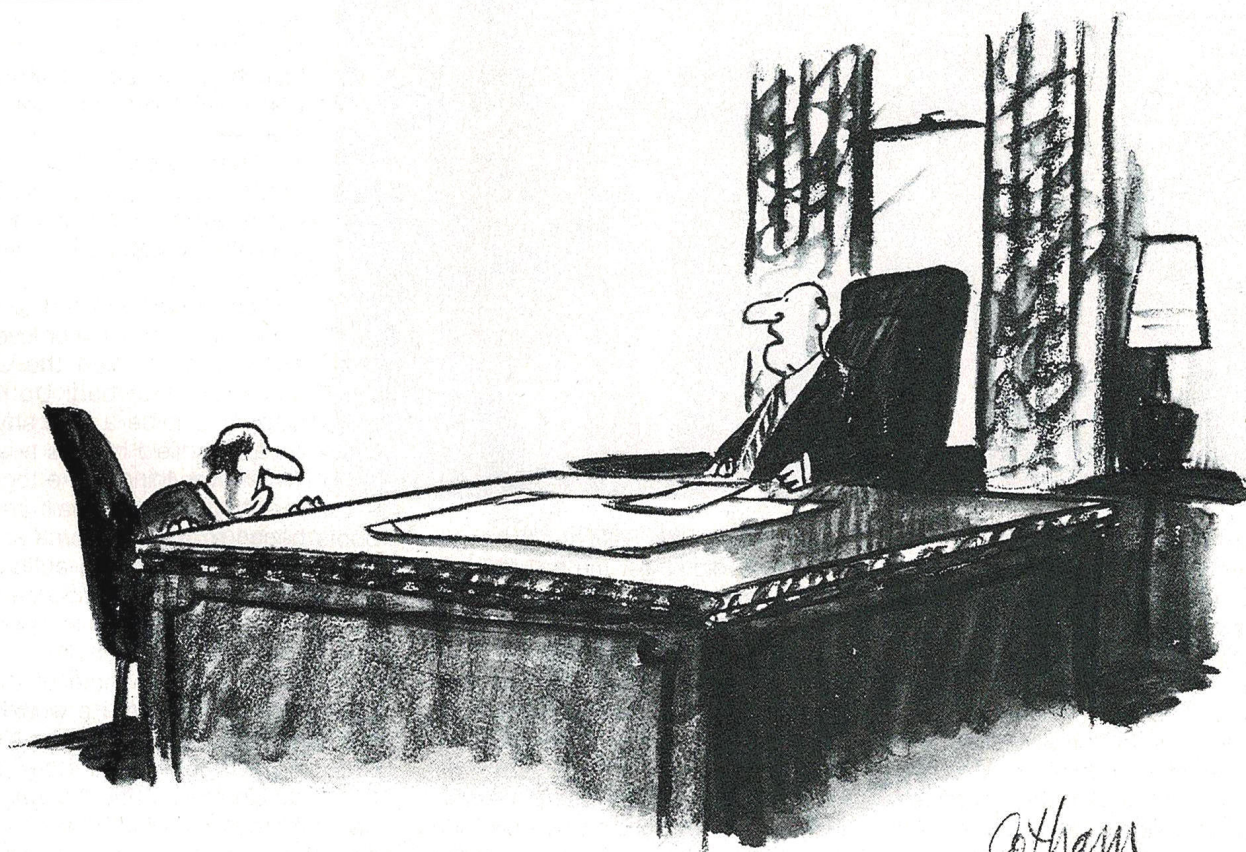
Yep, he'd even consider playing for match fees. "I'd have to get fitter but lets put it this way, it's not the main priority, movies are."

During the first AFL game Warwick Capper ever played, his first kick in serious football was a goal. It was before 40,000 people at a St Kilda match. Then, at that one fleeting moment on the 1987 footy peak, he was rich, famous and good. He was 24.

What about the match payment for the hundreds who saw him play last season at 29? "Bit less than a thousand a game at Southport. Pin money. Keeps me going."

Now sometimes his friends get a call that he's gone to do the odd labouring job for the day. A spot of gardening usually. Cash flow for hard times. Better than just chatting to people as he whiles away days before footy practice, surfing or the odd disco.

In his room at Greg Skipper's place, where he bunks down now, he has a poster up on the wall. It comes from his second chance with the Swans — the last hurrah in Sydney. It reads: "Capper is back." O—



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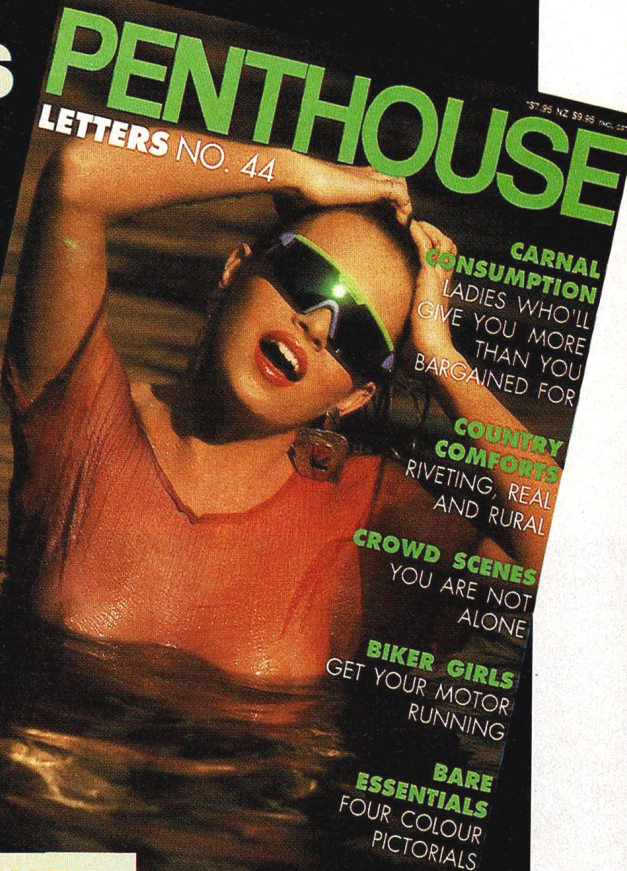
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The Harley Difference

IRAN

Continued from page 96

fridge. "An old lady froze to death here last night," Emat told me. The wash-house was bitterly cold and damp. The stone walls were frosty white around the only door in the windowless room. I was busy arranging the frozen Kurdish family into a picture when the Iranian guards found us.

The Iranian camp commander was furious. The Kurdish fighters scattered like the drifting snow. Spice and I were taken to a vehicle and questioned at length about whom we had talked to and what we had said. The Iranians were worried about us making contact with "subversive elements" and we were nearly thrown out of the country then and there which would have meant an interesting walk home through Iraq.

The Iranian's commanders concern was not entirely unfounded. Kurdish groups had changed side several times during the war. Both sides have been given ample reason to fear the Kurdish fighting prowess. Australian UN troops later told me that on one part of the Iran-Iraq cease-fire line, the opposing commanders took turns in guarding one another's flanks against the marauding Kurds.

I met up with the Australian troops on the final leg of the assignment which took us to the battlefields on the Iran-Iraq border. The wind whistled through the barbed wire which sprouted up in the no-man's-land of a place called

Chalemcheck: the Middle East equivalent to the Somme. Standing in the killing ground between the opposing sides were three Australians and one Argentinian. They wore the blue beret of the United Nations. They were supervising an exchange of bodies. Silent lines of Iranian soldiers carried plastic covered corpses on stretchers. The unlucky young men of Iraq were returning to their native soil. The column going out carried 258 Iraqi dead and the column returning carried 248 Iranian dead. The warring sides stood toe to toe, bearded jowl to bearded jowl as the detritus of their hate filed by in their plastic bags like fast-food martyrs.

For eight years this border area took the brunt of the longest and bloodiest international war fought since 1945. The bitter struggle that had its roots in religious differences — the Sunni of Iraq and the Shiah of Iran — left a million dead.

The hatred and mistrust that was built over the bodies of the "martyred" dead hung in the air. The operation being supervised by Australian second-in-command, Major Brad Richards, was a potential flashpoint and there was a sigh of relief when the exchange finished.

"Mind your step," Richards warned as we wound our way along a narrow path back to the UN vehicles, "this entire front is laced with mines and unexploded shells."

The area around Chalemcek was a vista of churned-up mud, twisted splinters of metal, ammunition casings, slit trenches and burned-out tanks. A forest of sharpened steel spikes rose

above the rolling surf of barbed wire which spread across the ground to prevent helicopter landings.

Several Iranian soldiers appeared out of a trench on our right. They were dressed in what appeared to be loose rubber overalls and gas masks that covered their heads. Major Richards cast a professional eye over them and it was only later that I learned that he was an expert on chemical and nuclear warfare. He was in the right place which is more than I could say for myself.

Mines are the great fear of all photojournalist types. You look so unattractive with fragmentation holes in your Banana Republic camera vest and your legs splattered all over the country side.

While walking to the vehicle Australian Army Captain Mike Povine and I stepped off the road to video a burned-out tank. I heard a loud charge detonate under my boot.

Povine passed the camera to Martin who began to get images of himself receiving an award and saying nice things about me posthumously. As the others cleared the area I was introduced to what Captain Povine described as "the pucker factor": the feeling that comes over your anus as you slowly lift your foot with both hands over your balls. Fortunately whatever had gone bang beneath my foot decided not to explode anymore and I was saved from a career as soprano in a heavenly choir — no doubt a Soviet mine made on the last shift before the weekend.

After a couple of days our patrol with the Australian soldiers ended on the banks of the Shatt El Arab: the waterway that divides Iran from Iraq. Soldiers from opposite sides stared at one another across the muddy river. Mike Povine, who describes himself as "Joe Average UN observer", stared fixedly at a tree branch. "Well, would you look at that," he exclaimed. "An unexploded rocket propelled grenade, obviously fired from across the river." He moved closer to examine the markings. I asked him whether his job had too many unnecessary risks. He explained that, "getting killed was nature's way of telling you your field-craft is not up to scratch."

As we left, the Australians came out to say goodbye in their unofficial uniforms: T-shirts that read, "Australian 1st 15. I came I saw Iran."

I left Spice in a first-class hotel in Bahrain passed out on French champagne. My next stop was London where I had to be debriefed and paid. At the end of the week I was in a Jumbo heading back to Australia with twenty thousand US dollars in one hundred dollar bills tucked into my cowboy boots. Ten thousand was for Spice but he would have to wait to collect it. I was stopping off in Bangkok. O+

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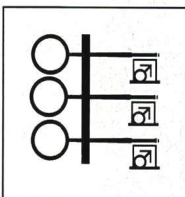


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blonde temptress. This quality film revolves around an ageing boxer trying to recapture his youth and a typist trying to make a living. There couldn't be two people with less in common, but that doesn't stop them.



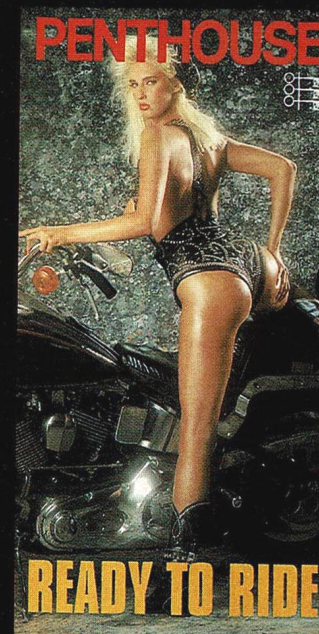
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Calamity Jane

Photography by Donald Milne

Jane Botham is a 22-year-old dancer with a knack for getting herself into trouble. This vibrant lady says that when she goes out partying, she inevitably draws a crowd of men around her. She says that men who compete for her attention often end up getting into fights over her. "In these days of female liberation, that sort of thing is still pretty flattering."



Jane likes her men intelligent and strong but with a sense of humour. "There is nothing worse than a man who can do everything except laugh at himself."
Jane is a classically trained dancer who has performed professionally since she was 16. She has appeared in musicals and video clips including one where she squirmed around on a bed wearing nothing more than a G-string and a seductive smile.





"I'm really proud of my body," she says " and I don't like being made to feel ashamed of it because of our prudish society."

Jane whose hobbies include tennis, skiing and an interest in existential literature, is a lady who is prepared to walk on the wild side.

"Recently, my lover and I went to a local amusement park and while we were on the ghost train ride we made love. Everyone could hear me screaming."





forum

Continued from page 8

responded. We were clumsy at first but soon our passion took over and we became more relaxed. Our tongues began to wrestle as my hands roamed freely over her body. Susan broke away first and laid me down. She began to remove my clothing, taking my top off first. My brown nipples were standing to attention for her. She brought her face down to them and began to nibble as her hand roamed all over my hole. She began to slide one finger in and out, then two and finally three. The feeling was sensational.

Susan pulled away from our kiss, and started to work her way down to my gushing hole. Her tongue massaged the inner walls of my cunt as I started to moan. As she was doing this I had an earth-shattering orgasm. She licked up all of my come and continued again, but I pulled her up onto me and said, "It's your turn now, Susan." I stood up and pushed her back on the couch. I pulled the towel out from under her and tangled it over her shaven pussy. She told me to stop teasing and start licking. I did as she asked and brought my face down onto her hairless hole.

Susan started to moan and groan as I nibbled at her clitoris and sent her into a frenzy. Susan came quickly and her orgasm lasted nearly as long as mine. After I had finished we sat on the couch kissing and cuddling. This was only the first of many hot and horny

nights Susan and I were to spend together. — *Name and address withheld*

All hands

Recently, while on holiday in Queensland, I spent a few days on an island resort which offered a ferry service to the mainland. I thought this trip would be a pleasant way to spend the afternoon. As I strolled down to the jetty I realised the ferry was about to leave and I would have to run to catch it. The crew must have seen me frantically running and they waited for me.

I thought I should show my appreciation and thank the captain for waiting for me. I left my hat and bag on the seat and made my way to the cabin. I knocked tentatively and the door opened. Smiling up at the officer, I offered my thanks to him for waiting for me. The captain asked if I would like to join them in the cabin for a better view of the surroundings. Once inside, I realised that the cabin was quite small and allowed only a few feet between the two crew members and myself. It was then that I took my first good look at the crew. They both wore shorts and singlets that showed off tanned and muscular bodies. The captain was in his mid-30s with a bushy beard, rugged good-looks and a mischievous glint in his eye. He was very cute, had green eyes and possessed a sensual smile that sent tingles flooding through my body which made my nipples become erect.

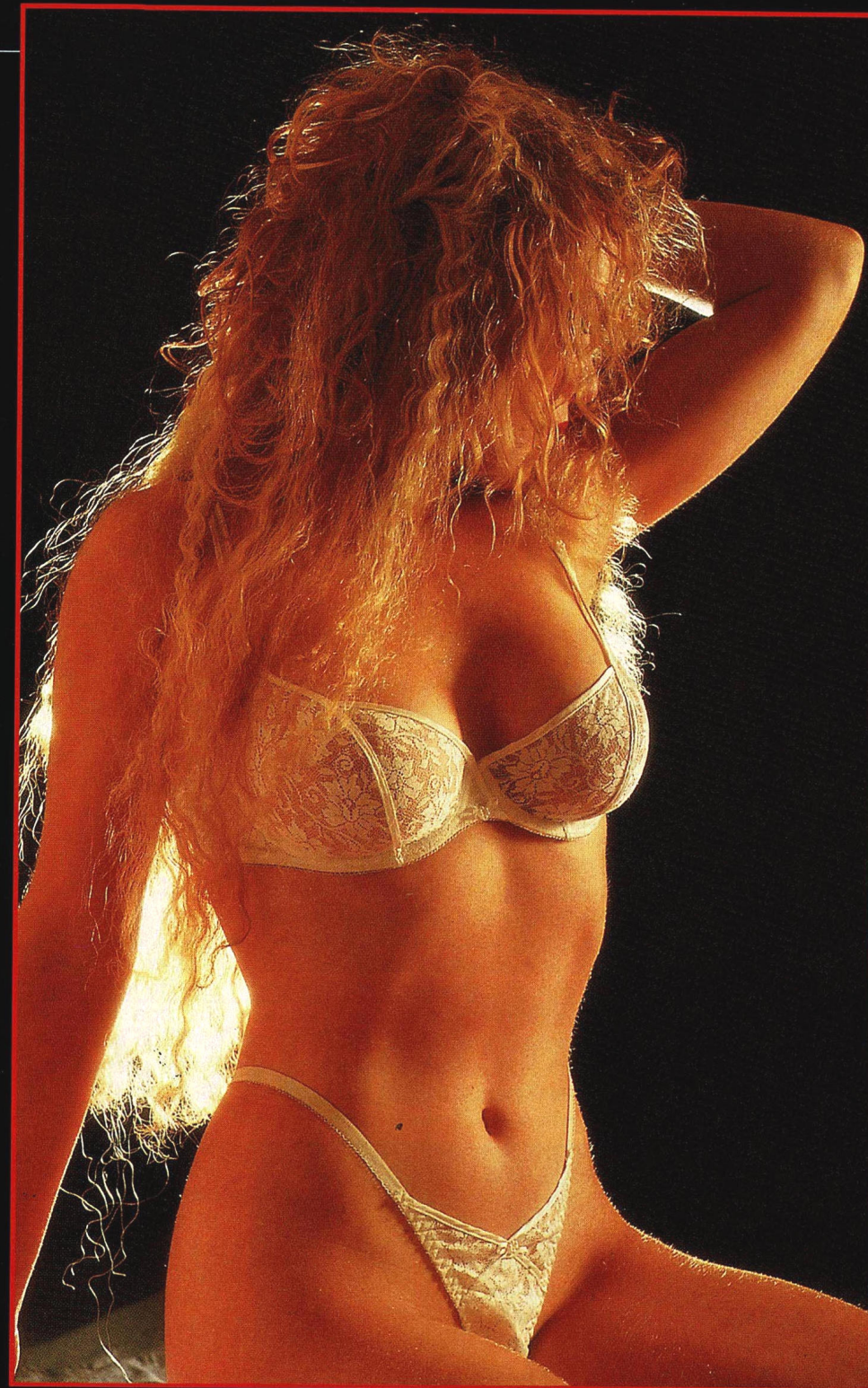
I was aware of their eyes roaming my body. I was hot, wet and incredibly

horny as I moved forward to look out the window at the passing scenery. On my way, I brushed against the young man. I could feel the growing bulge in his shorts. Without a word, I slipped my hand into his shorts and grasped his cock.

As I gently squeezed and slid my fist up and down his shaft, I felt a hand slide up my dress. Probing fingers found their way to my soaked knickers. I turned to see the captain with one hand on the wheel and one hand on me. While still grasping one throbbing cock, I released the captain's pulsating organ from his shorts. As I rhythmically stroked them both, their hands explored my body. It was difficult to know who's hands were where, but I came over and over again. Then, squatting between them, I sucked, licked and tantalised both men till they came simultaneously. The deckhand recovered first and with ease raised me into the air and speared me with his cock. He pumped furiously showing great stamina. I was moaning with delight that was accentuated by the captain whose cock now rubbed up and down my arse. The deckhand came with such force that it shook both of us. He released himself and I leaned over, arched my arse high into the air and begged the captain to enter me. The captain fucked me with a rhythmic, calculated method that showed his experience. Moaning and groaning, all three of us came together. As we were almost ready to dock, we wiped away the copious amounts of love juices and rearranged our clothing. I left the cabin, collected my hat and bag, and walked off the ferry. There was an half hour delay until the return journey, so I wandered around town still aroused with the excitement of what had just happened.

When I returned to the ferry I was surprised to see a different crew. This time the captain was younger than the first one. He had dark hair, full lips and smouldering eyes. The deckhand who looked to be the oldest of the four displayed strong defined features and a devilish grin. They smiled knowingly to me and the young captain motioned me towards the cabin. As I walked past them, I saw their shorts bulging and my body shuddered with anticipation. When the new crew returned to the cabin we wasted no time in feasting on each others' bodies. The oldest deckhand was very experienced and his tongue darted in and out of my juicy fanny knowing exactly how to build me to a crescendo that culminated in a massive convulsing orgasm.

The captain suggested something different and they raised me onto the steering wheel which was just like a smooth wooden cock. As they bounced me up and down, the deckhand sucked



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my breasts while the young captain's tongue proved to be equally talented. We fucked in as many positions as our cramped space would allow. We were saturated with each others' sweat and come and the cabin had a pungent odour.

I knew that although no names were exchanged and the conversation was almost non-existent, the memory of that particular mainland crossing was permanently etched in all our minds.

— Name and address withheld

Beach baby

I was home on leave at the time and didn't have a lot to do around the house, so my wife and I decided to go for a drive. There is a lovely beach not far from where we live that hardly sees a soul through the week. We hadn't been down there for quite a while so we packed some lunch and off we went. We arrived at about 11 and as I'd expected, we had the place to ourselves. My lady wore a green and white striped bikini and looked gorgeous. It was a bit early for lunch so we went for a walk along the beach. We came across a few old shacks behind the dunes. Sometimes these were rented out for fishing weekends and holidays but on that day they looked deserted. As we approached the nearest one, I suggested we go up and have a look around. We climbed the dune, hand in hand and had a bit of a snoop — just a fishing hut; not very interesting. But being in

such a secluded spot with a semi-clad siren, wicked thoughts began entering my head. We walked into one of the huts and on the spur of the moment, I embraced her and gave her a long, loving kiss. As I held her against me, my prick stood to attention. Along the back wall of this hut was a long, narrow bench and as I held her I walked slowly backwards until my arse was up against it. With one hand, I pushed my swimmers down far enough to let out my cock which I placed between her legs. Then I let go of her, hauled myself backwards up onto the bench and said, "Suck me off, lover." Although she is a very good-looking, sexually active woman, she is a bit naive and she was quite startled by my request. She had never had a cock in her mouth before. She looked up at me and then looked at my dick. "Go on love, suck it," I urged. She reached out, put her hand around the base of my cock and pushed downwards. Then she leaned forward and gingerly wrapped her lips around the head of my cock. I held the back of her head with both hands and gently pushed her face into my groin. She began a slow sucking action which was immensely pleasurable. "Take it all in. See how much you can swallow," I proposed. With her fingers still circling the base of my dick, she began to move her mouth up and down my shaft more quickly. She concentrated on the head of my dick and she used her lips and tongue expertly on my knob. I eased the straps of her bikini top off her shoulders and pushed the cups down to free her luscious breasts. As I started

to caress her tits, I also started to ejaculate. She has jerked me off quite a few times, so when I started to come in her mouth, she quickly took it out and began masturbating me. My second squirt hit her on the lips and, as she stood up, the next load landed on the nipple of her right breast and my fourth and final shot splashed onto her belly. When I came back to earth, she was wiping her face which had a huge ear to ear grin across it. — Name and address withheld

Shaved by the belle

After a sensationally drunk night with my husband, I awoke without any pubic hair. I don't remember how it came about, but there it was naked like it hadn't been since I was 13.

It was also quite funny because now that it was shaved, I didn't mind it at all. I had trimmed it in the past, but it had nothing on this. Silk panties rubbed ever so erotically over the bare mound and I walked around for two days constantly wet and horny.

I am a fitness fanatic, regularly swimming for an hour or so in the pool at the local gym before some aerobics and weight-lifting. Anyway, the next time I visited the gym I was a little nervous about my new nakedness being on display in the changing rooms so I chose a quiet time of day and ventured in.

After my workout I went back to the change rooms, stripped and jumped in the spa for some relaxation. After climbing out I noticed another woman in the change-rooms pulling her gear off.

She was about 35, had the tummy of a woman who had a kid or two but was otherwise quite impressive. She had a gorgeous shape, with a nice bum and a trim waste. Her boobs were a lot larger than mine, but they looked fairly firm, and her body was very pale. Conscious of what was between my legs, I snuck a glance at her pussy and noticed a good thick covering of red pubic hair. As seems normal course, we ended up chatting briefly as we readied for the shower.

Her name was Robyn, and when she looked down at my crotch she stopped and stared. That started a conversation on my bald beaver and I started to get aroused. My nipples slowly started to jut out, they aren't that big, nor are my boobs, but they are amazingly responsive and sensitive.

Then Robyn took me by surprise and asked if it was prickly. When I told her it wasn't she asked if she could feel how smooth it was. Hesitantly I let her. Aware of my state of arousal and not wanting to embarrass myself, I was keen to get out of there. I excused myself and went to the shower. Robyn followed fairly soon, and she wandered

up to me with a razor and some soap and asked me to shave her pussy.

How could I refuse now that I knew how good it felt for me?

I knelt down in front of her as she leaned on the wall, crouching a little and parting her legs. Slowly I shaved all that I could access. As I got closer and closer to her vaginal lips, I could smell her sex. Her lips were parting beautifully to expose all the working bits. I was so wet by this time I was sure I had juice running out of my cunt and down my legs, but the shower prevented any of it settling.

Then I couldn't help myself, and I slipped my thumb between her lips and sought her clit. Robyn let out a little gasp and simply lifted her hips before starting to caress my hair. This was great. Tentatively, I leant down and planted a kiss on her mound. She didn't flinch. In fact, she held my head in close to her sex. Not needing to be told twice, I started lapping her cunt. The closest I had ever got to tasting real live pussy juice was to suck my own off a man, and it didn't taste as good as this. Soon I was really getting into it, slurping all over her pussy, driving my tongue as far up her hole as I could get it, searching with my finger for the G-spot.

Suddenly she took her hands off my head and started squeezing her large nipples. Her stomach was starting to

writhe in the motions of an imminent orgasm, so I shoved two fingers into her hole and then slipped my thumb up her bum. That was enough for her, and she let out a scream and started to buck. Her juice really started to flow now. Then her pussy started to squeeze my fingers so tightly they began to hurt.

Then all the motion died down, and she lay exhausted on the ground. Not wanting to miss out myself, I climbed over her chest and with my pussy just inches from her mouth I began to finger myself. Every so often I would take one of my fingers and slip it into her mouth. When she had her breath back, I slid a little further down her chest and planted my sex on her face. She started lapping like a cat with a fresh batch of milk.

Gently I lay back on her body. I could feel her nipples pushing into the small of my back and her hands running all over me while she sucked and chewed on my clit.

It came up on me very suddenly, but boy was it strong. When my orgasm hit, my stomach contracted and I started lifting my pussy away from Robyn's mouth, so she hooked her arms over my taught thighs and held me down. It was an amazing sensation, and it just kept my orgasm going forever. We both lay on the floor of the shower for a little while, then Robyn leaned over and gave me the kiss of a lifetime while gently

caressing my boobs.

Then we finished our shower, dressed and left the gym. As she climbed into her Porsche in the carpark, she motioned for me to follow. We went back to her flat in Toorak and continued our new-found fascination with each other. — Name and address withheld

Blown away

I was working a typical Saturday alone as a radio announcer when my girlfriend arrived at the station and made it a hot day to remember.

I wasn't expecting Maria that afternoon, so I did quite a double-take when she came through the door. My blonde seductress had a sly grin on her face, and I was stunned to see that she was wearing a tight tank top and short shorts.

"Hi sweetie!" she purred as she walked over to the CDs. "What's the longest song you have?"

"How about 'Hey Jude'?", I said. Her long, sexy legs and fabulous tits had me stirring in my seat.

After I had announced the song on the air and hit the start button, I was led to the bathroom where she closed the door and said, "I'm thirsty for your cock!" My mouth dropped open as she knelt in front of me and pulled down my sweats. My cock sprang out at full attention into her eager hands. She

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grabbed it and, slowly stroking it, pointed it at her tits. She tickled my balls gently with her long fingernails and looked into my eyes and whispered, "Relax, and prepare to explode."

I couldn't believe it. She slowly sucked the head while her left hand fondled my nuts. Quickly picking up the pace, her right hand stroked up and her mouth stroked down, milking my rock-hard cock. I watched as my purple dick appeared and disappeared in and out of her talented mouth. She stopped to swirl her long tongue around the base and up the length of my bobbing member. I was so close to coming and she knew it by the tightness of my balls.

Taking my cock out of her mouth she smiled and said, "It's time." She grabbed it with both hands and pumped while sucking only on the head, occasionally swallowing the entire length. She started to build up incredible speed and I felt my body stiffen.

"Oh, yes!" I cried, literally erupting an explosion of come into her mouth while she sucked and sucked. She finally slowed down and licked me clean, placing my softening dick back into my pants. She stood up and said, "I love you. I just felt like doing that." She led me back to the lobby and whispered, "You were delicious." She kissed me and walked out. I couldn't believe what had just happened.

Then suddenly I remembered ... what about the fucking song on the air? I ran back to the studio and realised that the dead air had lasted for about 15 seconds. I quickly fumbled for the next tune, but not before saying a hearty thankyou to my girlfriend for such a wonderful surprise. — *Name and address withheld*

Model encounter

I work as a production assistant for a small photography agency and spend most of my working day arranging industrial equipment or lamp shades for catalogue photos. The other day, I was pleasantly surprised to front up to work to find that we were shooting a swimwear catalogue. When I arrived at the location, a small sandy beach just outside of town, I saw the model who would be posing for us. Miranda was the kind of girl who made a guy's trousers look like there was a large squirrel trying to escape from his crotch. She was a redhead with long legs, green eyes and a bottom you could crack walnuts on. Throughout the day, we chatted and joked. Once while she was changing, I even managed to catch a glimpse of her perfect pale breasts with dark brown nipples. The shoot was going really well with Miranda jumping

about in the waves wearing a variety of skimpy bikinis and swimsuits. One of the cossies was a thong which rested between the cheeks of her butt like a latex river running dead straight through one helluva heavenly valley.

After we had finished shooting for the day, my boss said he had to leave and he asked me to give Miranda a lift home. I readily agreed. Just as we were getting ready to leave, Miranda suggested we have a quick swim. Since she was already in her bikini, I whipped off my Levi's and plunged into the water. We spent a little while body surfing together but being so close to this beautiful model wearing nothing but scraps of clothing gave me a hard-on like a centreboard.

To my surprise, Miranda suddenly reached over and kissed me hard. Her lips were salty and her tongue ran over my teeth and lips as she teased me. Then she lunged her tongue into my mouth and proceeded to leave a trail of little love bites down my chest and towards my leaning tower of penis. I couldn't believe it, this model was going to give me head right there on a public beach. It was getting dark and there was no-one around. But Miranda didn't even notice this because she was in a cock feeding frenzy. She ripped off my undies and immediately plunged my turgid truncheon down her mouth. She licked me in long, tight strokes and she was getting so excited that I could see her nipples poking through the thin material of her bikini top. After a few delicious minutes, I pulled off her bikini and buried my face in her red-haired love-trench. She was as wet as a Melbourne summer and she tasted of salt. As I nibbled on her pleasure central button she screamed that she wanted me to fuck her.

Being the gentleman that I am, I swiftly complied, flipping her onto her knees and sliding into her pussy from behind. She was shaking her head and moaning like a demented demon by the time every inch of me had passed through her pearly gates. Within a few strokes, she came in a tumultuous, thrashing orgasm. Unable to maintain any longer, I emptied a sac full of DNA into her throbbing lust cavern. We never saw each other after that day, but every time I see that catalogue, I have very fond memories of Miranda. — *Name and address withheld* ☐

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Personal assistant

I work in an advertising agency and for many months I've had a huge crush on my boss, an older woman.

Robyn is 34, and although she's not your typical 36-24-36 blonde, she exudes enormous sex appeal and is very attractive. She has short, jet-black hair and a beautifully chiseled face.

Well, one day recently, after returning from a meeting together it all came to a head.

On the drive back to our office Robyn said she had to stop in at her apartment to pick up something.

I was admiring the 18th Century Chinese statuette horse in her living room when she came in from her bedroom. She said, "Why don't we play some music?" She put on Prince's

"Cream" and to my surprise, she started to swirl and sway her body in front of me, seductively, tauntingly. Then she ran her hands slowly up and down over her breasts, hips and thighs. She motioned me to join her.

With great trepidation, I started to dance with her. She ran her soft hands down my back and onto my buttocks. "Everyone says you've got a great little bum. Is that right?" she touted. I was speechless.

She took me by the hand with that assertiveness of hers and led me over to the lounge. She told me to drop my trousers and bend over the arm of the lounge so she could inspect my buttocks. I submitted instinctively, as if we were back in the office. As I dropped my trousers and underwear, she had a full view of my cock, which was now erect and as hard as a corporate takeover. I was aroused beyond belief. She came up behind me and firmly placed me over the soft leather lounge and then started to stroke my arse. She ran her gentle, nubile hands down the outside of my thighs and then slowly moved up my inside leg until she touched my testicles. Then she massaged my inviting buttocks, firmly and fiercely.

Then there was nothing. She just stopped touching me and left the room. By this time, I was pulsating. She called

in a matter-of-fact sort of way from the bedroom that we had better get back to work as she had a meeting to attend.

I heard her in the bedroom and I nervously made my way down there, wearing only my business shirt. As I entered she was leaning over a low drawer looking for something. She was wearing a tight-fitting black leather skirt, with a purple velvet top. My audacity overtook my sense of reason. I placed my hands on her buttocks and instantly she said, "No. We are due back at the office."

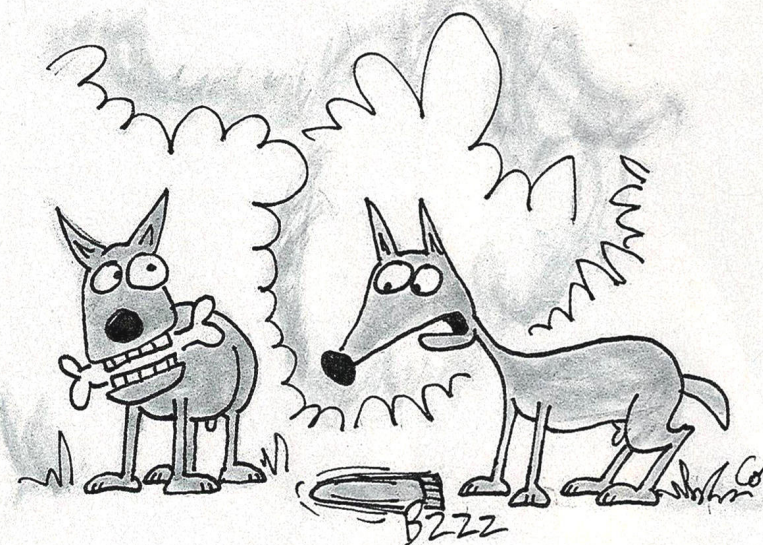
Not even hearing her words I pushed forward, squeezing my thighs against her arse. I reached down, hiked her skirt up over her hips and let my hand run all the way up to her warm cavern. I rubbed my penis between her legs so she could get a feel for how big I was. Just as I started to run my fingers over her treasure box, I pulled back and unzipped her skirt.

She wore black stockings with suspenders attached to black silk underwear. I worked fast. I unclipped her suspenders and peeled off her silky panties to expose the inviting warmth of her pussy. I slipped my tongue over her vaginal lips, which by now were moist with pleasure.

Then I plunged my hot tongue deep into her cunt and she let out an acquiescent moan. My tongue found her clitoris and I manipulated it feverishly to excite her to near boiling-point. My cock was swelling in its insistence to be relieved. I took a firm hold of my penis and gently tormented Robyn's pussy with delicate strokes. She squirmed and groaned. Then I felt the force of her pushing back just to engulf the head of my prick.

She turned around to face me and sat squarely on the bed, face to face with my throbbing, steely cock. With an icy coolness, she unclipped her bra. It dropped to the bed to expose her breasts, in all their creamy splendour. On exposure, her breasts seemed to swell with anticipation and her rock-hard nipples cried out for attention.

Suddenly, she grabbed my penis. I let out a moan as she guided it towards her open mouth. She placed her hands around my buttocks and drove my penis deep into her throat. The head of my cock swelled with ecstasy as she sucked its fullness into her mouth. She grabbed my hips and pulled my manhood deep into her throat. Her eyes met mine. Gentle, muffled and encouraging sighs escaped from her mouth. "You want me to come in your mouth?" I asked. Her response came in the form of a rapid acceleration of her lips over my cock. Knowing that she wanted my sperm in her mouth sent me over the edge. I started to gush and Robyn slipped a finger up my arse and buried



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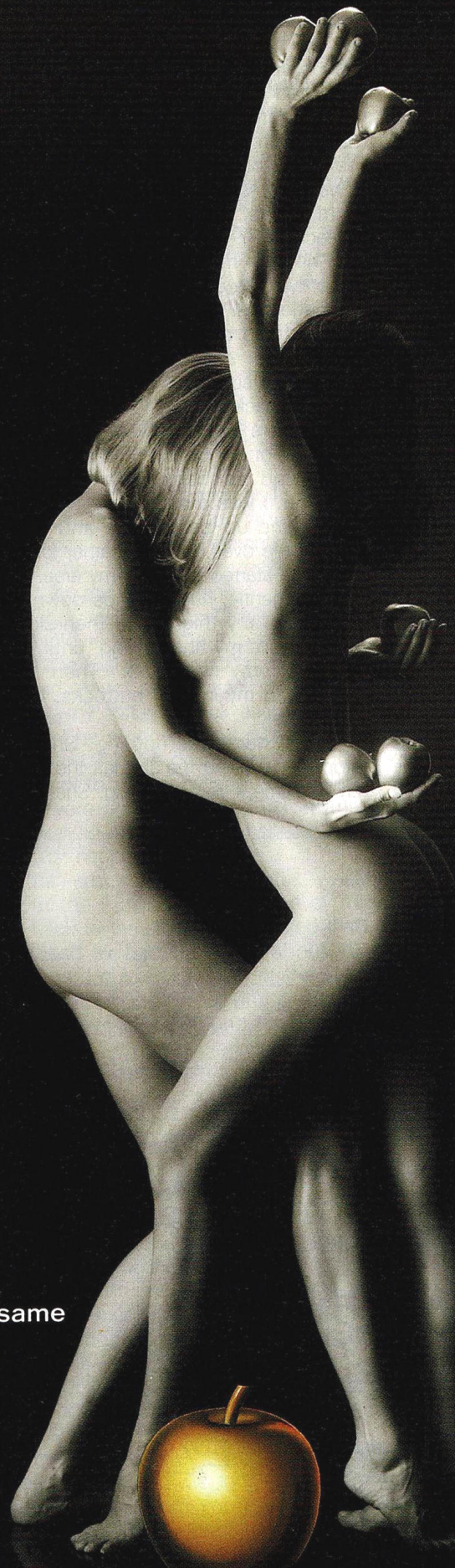
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her lips against my pubic hair. A huge wad of sperm shot down her throat and I was in raptures.

By this time she was electric. I had to recover quickly, as I sensed she wanted to climax. I caressed her luscious breasts with my mouth, flicking her upright nipples with my moist tongue. She was arching her head back and groaning for me to take her. My cock was again rock-hard. I guided Robyn onto the bed and before I could think about how to take her, she set herself on the centre of the bed on her hand and knees with her outstretched hands clutching the ornate iron bedframe.

She looked across her shoulders at me and lowered her head to the pillow to present the most erotic sight I have ever seen. Her inviting lips glistened

between her delectable thighs. In an instant I mounted the bed and moved behind Robyn. Like the sizzling shock of a hot branding iron dipped into water, my body quivered and convulsed as I plunged my cock deep into her. Then my thighs tightened and my hands grasped her hips as I thrust my eight inches of manhood deep into her waiting cunt.

She forced her bodyweight onto my cock in her impatience and again she let out what seemed like a cry of pain when my penis hit her wall. At first I was gentle and caressing, sliding my cock almost all the way out of her then at the last moment pushing it back. I hit her G-spot and she almost burst, belching out a gasp of anxiety.

Then, with all my strength, I began to pump her with my big, hard cock. As I was pumping away, Robyn glanced across to the mirror on the wall to reveal the lurid profile of my muscular buttocks and thighs thrusting into her. In a climax of voracious thrusting I exploded and poured my hot sperm into her vibrating cunt. She screamed with ecstasy as she reached orgasm.

She arose silently, turned and kissed me gently on the lips. Then she walked out, showered and got ready to go back to work.

At work the next day, I expected a letter of resignation would be required.

Robyn came into my office. She said good morning and proceeded to discuss business matters in her usual calculated and detached manner. It was never mentioned. — Name and address withheld

Spanish Inquisition

My memorable experience began when my fiancée, Dana, and I were discussing our upcoming trip to Spain with one of her gorgeous girlfriends, Jennifer. We invited her along, and since she was having boyfriend trouble, she decided to come.

The trip was uneventful enough, until that special night in Madrid. After a great meal we checked out a few bars, where the sangria was flowing heavily. We stumbled back to the hotel amid a lot of risque jokes about my hard-on and the sleeping arrangements. Up until this time, Dana hadn't given me any pussy.

Since the girls were a little tipsy I suggested that they shower together to sober up. They giggled, but I knew that Jennifer had been admiring Dana's tits all night.

Surprisingly, our friend went for the idea of a joint shower and they headed for the bathroom, asking me to get the camcorder. I obliged, and arrived to find Dana's blonde pussy rubbing against Jennifer's black bush.

Jennifer lay back in the tub while Dana massaged her clit and swollen pussy lips, first lightly, and then with increased pressure. I got a close-up of the scene as her hips humped against Dana's hand with great frenzy. As she whimpered with pleasure, Dana took the hand-held shower head and directed it up against Jennifer's clit while sticking two fingers into her friend's hole. Thankful for the great finger-fuck, Jennifer sat up and licked Dana's round tits, French-kissing her in between nibbles.

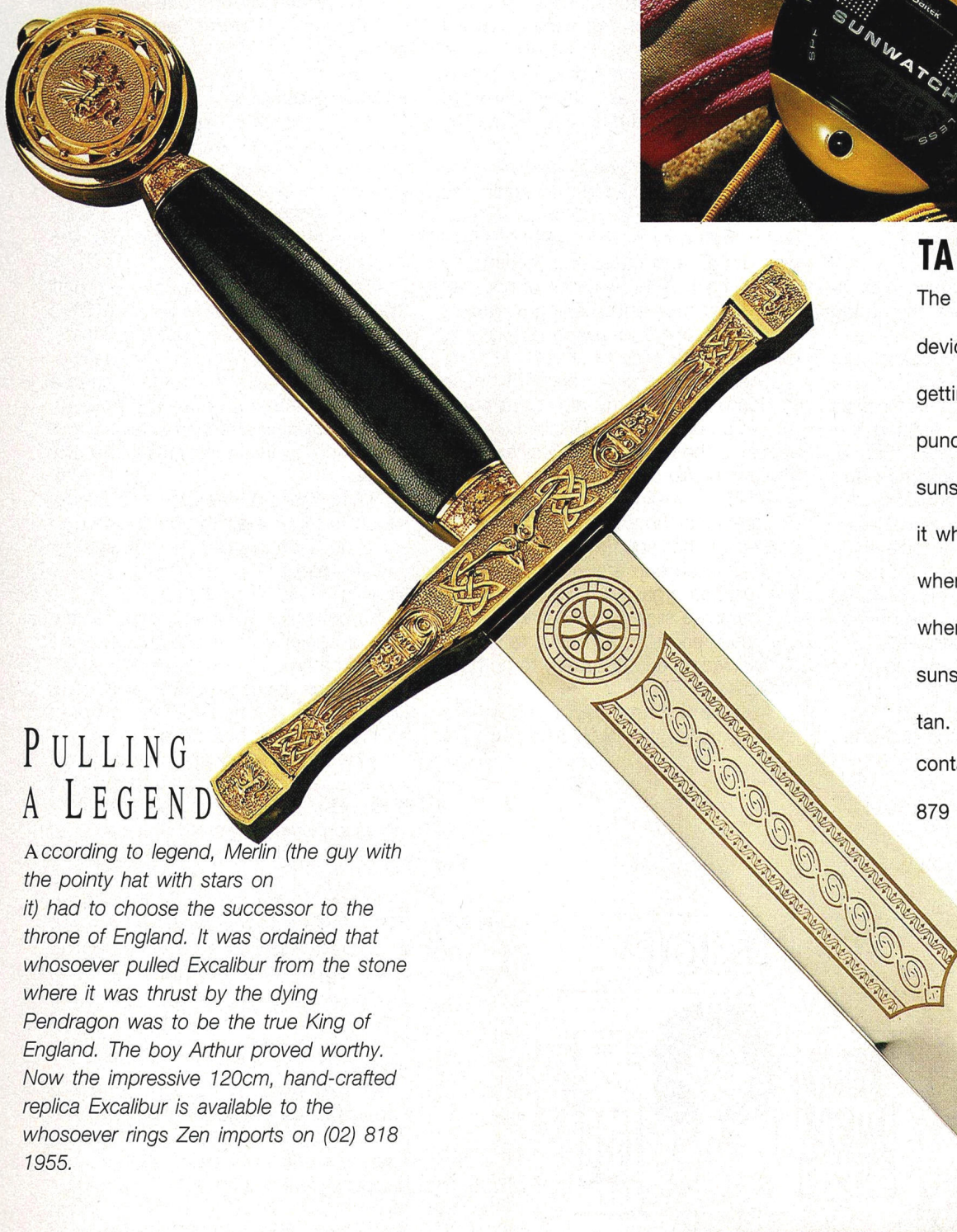
At this point, I thought fuck the camera, and dragged them to bed. Jennifer lay spread-eagled as Dana went back to work on her cunt. She spread her pussy lips to their limit. I was about to burst, so I asked if I could get in on the action. Graciously arching her back and positioning her bottom in the air, my fiancée continued, with her friend moaning louder and louder. As I glided into Dana's sopping gash, Jennifer went wild as she pulled Dana's face against her clit. It didn't take me very long to explode into Dana, who simultaneously fingered her own clit to a climax.

The next day Jennifer acted like she couldn't remember anything, and the opportunity never presented itself again. But that's okay with us, because we still have the video, and video cameras never lie. — Name and address withheld



"Show me your tits!"

loose ends

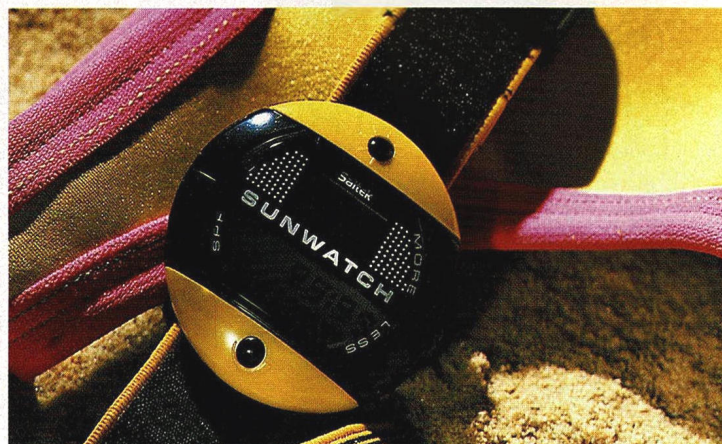


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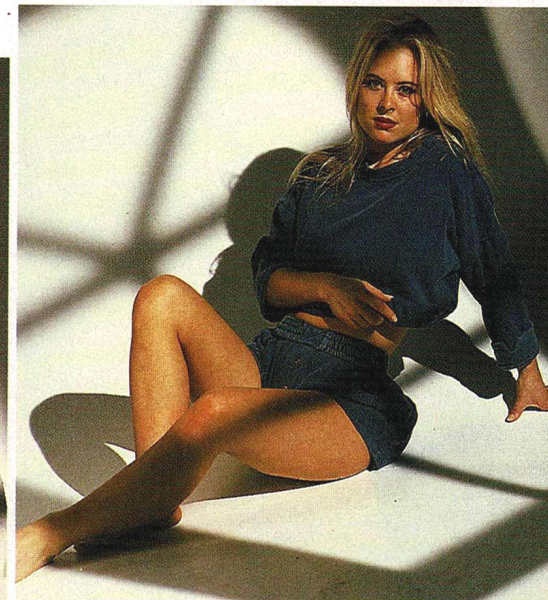
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The Prince of Liqueurs

Bonnie Prince Charlie (aka Prince Charles Edward) was reputedly a likable, woman-chasing, hard-drinking, hard-fighting type of bloke who wanted to rule the UK. Nothing wrong with that. Anyway, on Culloden Moor, in April 1746, Bonnie Prince Charlie's plans disappeared when he and his band of Highlanders were routed by a better organised British army.

The Bonnie Prince fled to the Isle of Skye with Captain John Mackinnon who looked after him. As a reward for loyalty, the Prince gave Mackinnon the recipe for Drambuie — a Gaelic contraction of "an dram buidheach" meaning the drink that pleases.

The Mackinnon family hung on to the recipe until 1906 when Malcolm Mackinnon introduced Drambuie to the public. During the first year, they sold a mere 12 cases but in the subsequent years, well, you know the rest of the story, and where to get it.



and the winners are . . .
The winners of the Dimple competition featured in the September issue of *Australian Penthouse* were: S. Maleganeas, O'Malley ACT; R. Moore, Hamlyn Heights, Vic; R. Armstrong, Oakey, Qld; L. Durland, St Peters, NSW; A. Fowler, Summer Hill, NSW. The winners of the Sergio competition featured in the same issue were: D. Knowles, Carey Bay, NSW; W. O'Brien, San Remo, NSW; J. Parsons, West Pymble, NSW; B. Cowing, Werrington, NSW; A. Fowler, Summer Hill, NSW; T. Smith, North Bondi, NSW; A. Rodrick, Pennant Hills, NSW; J. James, Hawker, ACT; B. Jones, Lara, Vic; J. Kam, Armadale, Vic; J. Portoglou, Brunswick, Vic; D. Jenkins, Edenhope, Vic; P. Atterton, Walloon, NSW; D. Summers, Mooloolaba, Qld; H. Windmer, Townsville, Qld; D. McLennan, Toowong, Qld; G. Palmer, Amberely, Qld; R. Galbath, Flagstaff Hill, SA; D. Tait, Darwin, NT; J. Shearman, Hobart, Tas; J. Domeny, Sandy Bay, Tas; L. Golja, Joondanna WA; C. Brazendale, Thornlie WA; J. Hughes, Victoria Park, WA; K. Jeffs, Yokine, WA. The winner of the Black Label Subscription Prize was R. Gibb of Mt Colah, NSW.



Pet Of The Month, Tori Mitchell

INSIDE MARCH AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Mr Rent-a-Kill — Christopher Dale Flannery was known by many names. Mr Rent-a-Kill, Mr Muscle-for-Hire and the Prince of the Hitmen. In a ten-year crime career around Sydney, he was allegedly responsible for more than 14 gangland slayings and countless double-crossings of his apparent allies. In next month's *Australian Penthouse* we follow Flannery's infamous career and his bloody demise.

Tour Of Duty part 2 — War zone photojournalist Steve Levitt has just survived the currency black market, suicidal drivers and treading on a landmine while reporting from Iran. Now he's in Bangkok with 20,000 American dollars and a hunch about a story in Cambodia. In next month's *Penthouse* we see what can happen to a journalist on even the most straightforward of stories.

Chopper — Gunman, philosopher, jailbird and best-selling author. Mark "Chopper" Read is a notorious Australian criminal who can weave outrageous humour into the most violent of stories. Next month in *Australian Penthouse* we take a ride into the heart of Chopperland with *Hard Copy* television reporter Renee Brack and spend three days with the man they call "Chopper."

Pet Of The Month — Nineteen-year-old Tori Mitchell is a university student who says that she loves the free-wheeling campus lifestyle. In next month's *Australian Penthouse*, you'll see why she's an A-plus undergraduate

MOTORING

Continued from page 21

"Awareness of the HSV name is now at a remarkably high level," insists Crennan. Research shows a loyalty factor of 85 percent, way above the average among HSV owners. Only 15 percent say they're unlikely not to buy another HSV product at trade-in time. Last year, HSV opened a branch in Sydney; Brisbane is next. And its fortunes in New Zealand are rocketing. When HSV first opened its doors, it was undoubtedly driven by marketing.

Today the emphasis has shifted to engineering, a reflection of the consumer's insistence on motor cars with a solid technical development base. In one year, HSV's engineering group has expanded from nine to 19. In the early days much of the company's engineering was hived off to Walkinshaw's TWR headquarters in England. Now most of the key work is handled at Notting Hill. "Our engineering integrity is coming through now," Crennan declares. What he doesn't say, but what is certainly a factor in hastening HSV's march towards establishing a stronger engineering base, is competition in the shape of the rival Ford Special Vehicles company.

Crennan does not take the threat of Tickford lightly, which like HSV has a highly regarded English parent and obvious competency in special vehicles development. While the ongoing battle between old warhorses Ford and Holden sometimes gets into bitchy territory, their special vehicle arms have maintained a more honorable approach, so far anyway. There appears to be respect on both sides. And enough of the hot-car cake to go around, it seems.

Crennan believes that both HSV and Tickford will prosper, with the market for such exclusive cars expanding under the thrust of two strong marketing forces. Crennan, a former Holden executive who could have been born to pitch to the sophisticated end of the car market, is unconcerned that a greener world might bring down the curtain on big V8 engines, and therefore wipe out most of the HSV market. He is sure the V8 will be around for another ten to 15 years. "We're very conscious of the green thing, but the fact is that our specific niche has not caught up with it."

Maybe the next generation will. "But for today's customers, raw power lives. And our engine program will continue to pander to their demands in the short term." Our cars are fast, strong and performance-oriented, but they are not hoon cars. Check out the corporate carparks and you'll see what I mean." — Peter McKay

The Girls of PENTHOUSE

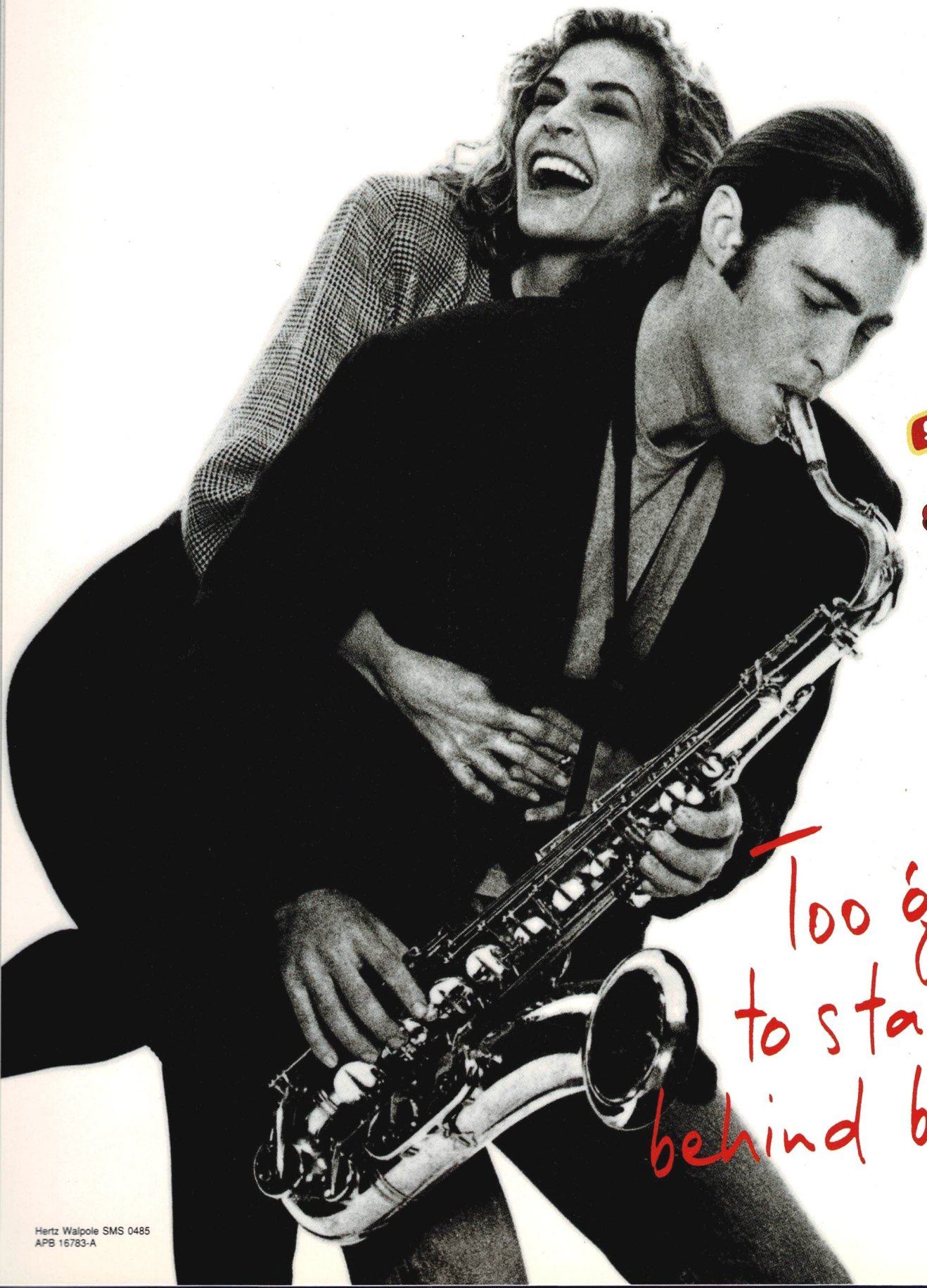
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